JOHN BULL

Vol. II. No. 43. | SATURDAY, MARCH 30th, 1907. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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OPEN LETTER TO "JOHN BULL."

Re Trade Journalism.

Dear Sir,

You will be gratified to know that Great Britain still leads the world in the matter of trade journalism. Our strongest competitor—the United States—has made remarkable progress in the production of trade journals, but Great Britain has more than maintained her position, and can still point to the fact that in London is produced and published a trade paper which has the largest circulation of any trade publication in the world.

Another notable British triumph in the journalistic field is THE MAGAZINE OF COMMERCE—a monthly periodical published exclusively in the interests of business men. THE MAGAZINE OF COMMERCE is designed to keep business men fully posted concerning important commercial developments in all branches of industry. Printed on the best paper, and profusely illustrated, it is, without exception, the best produced Magazine of the kind published in this or any other country. It gives, in a nutshell, a record of the month's happenings in the commercial world, and is full of ideas, any one of which may be worth to a business man considerably more than the cost (12s.) of the yearly subscription. With a view of promoting British trade in our Colonies and Foreign countries, an Export Edition of THE MAGAZINE OF COMMERCE is published regularly every month.

As affording an indication of the practical character of the articles published in THE MAGAZINE OF COMMERCE, I may mention that the April Number—just issued—contains, amongst others, the following features :—

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

A BUSINESS MAN'S INVESTMENT.

The stepping stones to success in investment transactions.

COMMERCIAL VEHICLES AT OLYMPIA.

An illustrated description of the features of the Exhibition.

INCOME TAX REFORM AND THE BUDGET.

Where change is needed.

ADVERTISING POSSIBILITIES.

A review of advertisements issued during the past month.—How Advertising Agents advertise themselves.

BUSINESS ENQUIRIES.

A list of current enquiries. Readers of THE MAGAZINE OF COMMERCE are invited to send particulars of their requirements for publication.

A coloured plate is presented with the April Number.

I suggest that you should buy a copy of THE MAGAZINE OF COMMERCE, and see whether it is not worth to you 12s. per annum. The Magazine can be obtained of all Newsagents and Booksellers, or I shall be pleased to send a copy, post free, to any address on receipt of 1s. by P.O.O., or in stamps.

Yours faithfully,

THE PUBLISHER.

THE MAGAZINE OF COMMERCE,
155-6, Cheapside,
London, E.C.

TAILORING
IN ITS BEST SENSE

Tailoring in its best sense is not so much a matter of Rules as of Perception. It is a matter of assisting a customer in the Choice of Material which will suit both the person and the purpose, and of afterwards—in no fixed way—fashioning that material into a garment which will fit perfectly, be properly comfortable, and have the full appearance of having been made for the wearer with all carefulness. The Method must vary in nearly every case—the Object only remaining the same always. It is a matter of successfully combining Reason with Handicraft.

By following in his work the line of thought here indicated, and charging moderate prices, Mr. Bult is able to satisfy the varied requirements of those who come to him for clothes.

"THE BYSTANDER" says: "There are few places where the man of average means can get the same quality, style, and fit in his clothes as at Mr. Bult's."

Patterns and Price List (Illustrated by Actual Photographs) will be sent Post Free on application. It should be stated for which garment the patterns are required.

John J. M. Bult
140 FENCHURCH ST. LONDON E.C. Cash Tailor

W.E.B.

DELICIOUS
MAZAWATTEE TEA

Always Uniform in Quality

Never Varies.

Full Weight Without Wrapper.

Sold by All Leading Grocers.

DELICIOUS
MAZAWATTEE TEA.

GENUINE ONLY IN SEALED PACKETS AND TINS.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

Vol. II. No. 43. Saturday, March 30th, 1907. One Penny

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Offices of JOHN BULL *have now been removed to* 4, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, *where, in future,* ALL COMMUNICATIONS *must be addressed, except in regard to advertisements (see notice below).*

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

TO ADVERTISERS.

Arrangements have been made with Messrs. Greenberg & Co., Ltd., of 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., who will in future conduct all advertising business connected with this journal, and to whom advertisers desiring spaces must apply for particulars.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

PER ANNUM, POST FREE.

UNITED KINGDOM — — — — — — — 6s. 6d.
FOREIGN COUNTRIES WITHIN THE POSTAL UNION — — — — 8s. 8d.
SHORTER OR LONGER PERIODS IN PROPORTION.

All business communications to be addressed to the Publisher, JOHN BULL, 4, *Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.*

THEATRES, ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

DALY'S THEATRE.—Under the Management of Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. EASTER MONDAY and EVERY EVENING at 8.15. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30, the new Comedy Opera, entitled—"THE LADY DANDIES" (THE MERVEILLEUSES).
Box-office 10 to 10. Telephone 3993 Gerrard.

ALHAMBRA.—"QUEEN OF SPADES," New Ballet.
Mlle. Alexia (danseuse de genre).
MILLMAN TRIO. MLLE. BRESINA. "L'AMOUR. URBANORA, Etc.
Doors 7.45. Manager, George Scott.

The place for a QUIET LUNCH, a COMFORTABLE DINNER, and a COSY SUPPER.
THE WEST END HOTEL,
Arundell Street, Coventry Street,
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

In close proximity to all the leading places of Entertainment.
EXCELLENT CATERING AT STRICTLY MODERATE TARIFFS; TABLE D'HOTE or A LA CARTE.

The Choicest Wines and Liqueurs and Finest Brands of Cigars a Specialite.
Telephone: 3813 Central. Proprietor. E. PORTA.

DETECTIVE WORK.
Divorce and Confidential Inquiries Undertaken by WM. PIERREPONT,
With SECRECY, ABILITY, and DESPATCH.
GO TO HIM IF BLACKMAILED, Troubled, or in Difficulties.
Special experience also in Will Cases.
WM. PIERREPONT, 27, Chancery Lane, W.C.
T.A.: "Bailleye, London." T.N.: 10,973 Central.
REFERENCES TO LEADING LONDON SOLICITORS.

WHY PAY RENT?
The BRITISH HOMES SCHEME enables Policy-holders to reap the benefit of their investment
DURING THEIR OWN LIFETIME
and in the event of premature death to leave their legal representatives in possession of a comfortable home free from any mortgage charge or encumbrance. Particulars post free. GOOD PROSPECTS FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.
BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Ltd.
6, Paul-st., Finsbury, E.C. M. GREGORY, Managing Director

THE LICENSING LAWS.

CONSOLIDATION BEFORE FURTHER LEGISLATION.

We have had a good deal to say from time to time as to the tinkering proposals of certain Liberal faddists on the subject of the Drink laws, and we now suggest to the Government that, before there is any more "messing about" with new legislation, they shall turn their attention to the consolidation and simplification of all the existing laws dealing with the subject.

To judge by the amount of past legislation and litigation, it is about time, too, that both those in the trade, and those who have the administration of the laws relating to the trade, should have a rest. Neither of them know where they are at present, and it is the plain duty of the Government to show them.

Since 1825 no less than 46 Acts have been passed dealing with the licensing laws, nearly 30 of them relating to the powers of justices. In addition, a "Royal Commission" has "sat" and hatched two reports. In the past five years three Acts have been passed—and still the "Temperance Brigade" are literally thirsting for more legislation.

In addition to all this, there have been hundreds of cases decided in the "Superior" Courts, throwing doubt upon the powers of those administering these laws.

Some of the decisions are diametrically opposed to each other, and in many of them the "Judge-made law" has been absolutely absurd. Take the example furnished by the case of *Rex v. Leeds Justices*, decided in November last, in which the Lord Chief Justice gave a decision, concurred in by his very learned brethren Ridley and Darling, upon a question under the Act of 1904. The Home Secretary subsequently referred to that decision as a judgment "staggering humanity," and the Attorney General expressed himself in somewhat similar, and equally pungent, terms. A fortnight later a new Act was on the statute book, settling the point in a manner that even a Judge could not misconstrue. As we pointed out in a former issue, the learned Judges in that case have no sympathy of ours. But their decision is a potent argument in favour of our contention that there should be no further legislation until we have had a consolidation of all the existing law. At present it is in such a chaotic muddle that very few of us—Judges included—can understand it, and it is small credit to the Government that they should think of adding anything to the muddle until they have first settled the present position.

If Ministers require any encouragement in the direction of consolidation, let them turn to the two Reports of the Royal Commission. Both are in favour of it, and in the "Majority" report occurs the following passage, viz:—

> It is, in our opinion, deserving of serious consideration whether the passing of a Consolidation Act should not precede any attempt to amend the law, the first condition of which seems to be a clear statement of what the law is.

As for ourselves—well—JOHN BULL declines to assist in making "confusion worse confounded." Before we have any further tinkering with the question, we want to know, as all people of sound sense want to know, "where we are?"

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Some misconception appears to have arisen from the fact that we put our Saturday Closing of Public-Houses and our Commercial and Financial Gambling Bills down for second reading on April the First. Some people think we were not serious. We therefore desire to say that at the time we introduced these important and far-reaching measures we were unaware that the House would not be sitting on April the First, and that we selected the date because we felt that it was the one on which the Bills would have the best chance of passing. We also felt sure of a full attendance of supporters; we thought they would "all" be there, it being their "day." At any rate, we emphatically repudiate the suggestion which has been made in several quarters that we were "pulling the leg" of the purist party. Indeed, that could not be—they haven't one to stand on.

As regards our Monday Closing of Pawnshops Bill, we have decided to await the Government's Licensing measure, feeling certain that such an important provision as this, in the cause of temperance, will not be overlooked. Our Street Smoking Bill will come later.

The result of the North Tyrone election is a solemn warning to a moribund Government, which has already outstayed its welcome. The crosses are on the wall. No Ministry can shut its eyes to what is meant by a reduction of over 22 per cent. in its majority. Last time it was 9, and now it has fallen to 7. Mr. Balfour is beginning to think where he can put Arnold-Forster, and to thank Heaven that Mr. Brodrick has been made an L.C.C. alderman.

One of the new L.C.C. aldermen is said to have contributed £5,000 towards party expenses. Somebody is also reported to have paid £250,000 for the privilege of changing his name a year or two ago. It seems a terribly expensive luxury—when you can get *John Bull Overseas* for 3d.

One of the medical papers has discovered another noble cause, and pleads for it with the fervour of an obsession. Our contemporary asserts that there is no legal or authoritative definition of a sausage; that is to say, a sausage is a sausage, whether it contains 90 per cent. of meat, or is only half bred, like Jones's bull pup. Therefore, any Hon. Member anxious to secure the gratitude of his country, might do worse than introduce a Bill for the Standardisation of the Sausage, whether beef, pork, mixed, or tomato flavoured. What a sausage is at present is known only to its maker. Charles Lamb used to say that all that was needed for its enjoyment was confidence; and as an ethical proposition one feels that confidence, even at fourpence a pound, ought not to be misplaced.

Sir Thomas Whittaker, M.P., who has spent most of his life in "temperance reform," has arrived at the conclusion which we have been doing our best to force upon the public mind. "We have played the fool," he says; "the extremists have hindered the progress of the temperance movement." And not only so; they have hindered, or, at all events, hampered, the progress of the Liberal party, who have been far too ready to rush into ill-considered and fanatical temperance legislation. The working classes, who form the bulk of Liberal supporters, have no affection for the excessive zeal of rabid teetotalers who are everlastingly calling upon the Government to treat them either as children or as fools, or both. It is not necessary that Liberals should coddle the licensing trade as Mr. Balfour's Government did, but they might leave it alone for a few years, or at least interfere with it only if and when it fails to recognise its responsibility to the community.

We spent half an hour the other night with the lady suffragists at Caxton Hall. They were in high fettle—enthusiasm and hysteria pervaded the air. "Christabel" was in the chair, and all the heroes of the afternoon's siege and slaughter were around her. We suppose we ought to say "heroines," but since every speaker addressed Miss Pankhurst as "Mr. Chairman," we adhere to the masculine method. Whilst we were listening, and wondering, a gentle voice whispered in our ear, "Have *you* been to prison yet?" We replied that although once or twice it had been a near thing, we had, so far, kept ourselves independent of His Majesty's hospitality, and, scrutinising our fair interrogator, were delighted to find that she was none other than Miss Irene Miller, one of the earliest martyrs of the cause—the brilliant daughter of a brilliant mother, Mrs. Fenwick Miller. Under her delightful guidance we followed the remainder of the proceedings, being initiated into the red records of the various speakers as they rose to address the meeting.

It was an instructive experience—the vivacious, and, at times, quite fascinating "Christabel" calling up her hosts, and keeping the audience under control with an ease and a power which recalled to our minds Miss Annie Besant of twenty-five years ago. She is a born leader—an ideal Portia! Her personality overshadowed the platform (Miss Miller was in the body of the hall). Truth to tell, there was little else there. One sad-faced little lady from Halifax told us that she was one of four surviving children out of a family of fifteen—whose father earned 22s. a week! How the possession of a vote would remedy such philoprogenitiveness was not made manifest. A study of Malthusian philosophy seemed more to the point. Another speaker wanted the franchise for the sake of the agricultural labourer—but *he* has had it now for twenty years and more! Another fell foul of the Bible. She didn't like that passage in Genesis which says that the "Sons of God" looked upon "the daughters of man," and finding them "fair," took them "to wife." She wasn't the best selection that could have been made for this particular quotation—being favoured by nature with ample protection against undue masculine molestation. *That* gem should in future be reserved for quotation by Miss Pankhurst and Miss Miller only. Then the meeting broke up with a passionate call to arms from the chairman and Miss Kenney—a wild and weird little daughter of Eve—and we went outside to witness the fray. But no blood was spilt. The vitality of the reformers had exhausted itself in the afternoon. St. Stephen's stands where it did. And so does "the movement." And the Government sits where it did—on the fence.

After the incident of last week, it seems desirable to put up a notice board at the swinging entrance doors of the House of Commons—"No admission except on business." But in that case how few would be eligible to enter. There would hardly ever be a quorum! Let us illustrate this. A few days ago, as we sat in our remote corner of the House, at prayer-time (a quarter to three), these words fell upon our ears: "I shall be glad when prayers are over, for I've had no lunch, and am jolly hungry." Here, thought we, is a working member at last, and our interest was aroused. "So am I," came the response of the member's neighbour, "I've not eaten anything either since breakfast—haven't had a moment." Our interest increased. After all, there *were* serious men in the House. And this is what followed: "Nor I—*I've been playing tennis all the morning*—what have *you* been doing?" "Oh, I always play golf." Then the chaplain arrived, and the two legislators bent their heads in prayer and praise—and made for the dining-room. An hour later they parted—one to meet his wife for some shopping and the other to smoke.

The proverb about thieves falling out appears to apply to murderers also. The Servian regicides are now at loggerheads with Peter Karageorgevich. Peter is like a reed shaken by the wind, and the strongest wind lately brought to bear upon him has been that of the party which favoured regicide but does not accept the domination of the regicides. Those gentry will tolerate no opposition whatever to their absolutism, and they are now talking of putting Peter away. Meanwhile, they are making things as unpleasant as possible for the British Minister, who is the only diplomatist in Belgrade bold enough to refuse to meet murderers. Not only do they persecute people who visit our Legation, but even those who greet our Minister in the streets. However, the anti-regicides are growing in wisdom and numbers, and there are imminent hopes that the reign of terror will soon be at an end. These observations are based upon information freshly received from Belgrade.

Sir Robert Ball's astronomical lecture at Dartmoor Prison suggests that the Home Office might more frequently indulge the convicts, or, at least, the best behaved of them, in similar blessings. If their crimes are great, it is not to be forgotten that their punishment is heavy, and still represents that wild revenge of justice which it should be the aim of a true humanity to eliminate from it. Society has much to answer for in the making of criminals. It does not make all, but it makes many; and those whom society does not make are degenerate types not wholly dispossessed of that something which we are agreed to call a soul. The country takes too little interest in its criminals. It thinks it has completed its duty when it has caged them. Punishment, however, is but one of several objects to be borne in mind, and of all the others none is so important as the reformation, the uplifting, the reclamation of the convict. Where this is hopeless, the hospital should take the place of the gaol.

News from Spain is that Queen Ena is urging manifold objections to the customary presence of certain grandees in her private chamber on the occasion of her forthcoming accouchement. Neither the man in the street nor the woman in the drawing-room will be surprised to hear it. There are solemn moments in this life when all of us wish to be alone, and this seems to be one of them. But the custom of Spain is not historically peculiar. For instance, we recall the diary of Bubb Doddington, the podgy time-server who became Lord Melcombe. The Prince of Wales, son of George I., was living in Leicester Square, and Bubb was summoned. "I found the Groom-in-Waiting and the Bishop of Oxford," says he. "The Prince soon joined us, and said the Princess had been ill since three in the morning; by this time the Duke of Chandos and Lords Egremont and North, Messrs. Cust and Breton, were come. We went into the bedchamber at three-quarters after eleven. The Grooms withdrew. We found in the bedchamber Ladies Middlesex, Berkeley, Irwin, and Howe. . . . The midwife upon the bed with the Princess, and Dr. Wilmot standing by. At half-past eleven she was delivered of a Prince without once complaining or groaning the whole time." The "manners and customs" have changed in England since then. The immaculate purity of the Royal successor is now largely taken for granted.

The following is a striking manifestation of the Nonconformist Conscience. The *Christian Age* of January 18 contains two leaderettes declaiming against "gambling advertisements," and urging its readers to support "the Gambling Advertisements Bill, which is aimed at persons who advertise by newspaper or circular in connection with any betting business or agency, *any lottery, or any 'stockbroking' business not under Stock Exchange rules.*" We turn to the issue of the same paper dated March 8, and find a column advertisement in editorial type, and without any indication that it *is* an advertisement, from our old friends Arnold and Butler, of Room 692, 124, Holborn, headed "The How of Money-Making," and turning a couple of pages, we find a similar paid-for puff of that egregious swindle, the International Securities Syndicate, with the heading "Increasing One's Means"; whilst in a neighbouring column we find an advertisement of Wallace and Co., 108, Bishopsgate Street Within, informing their Christian readers that £10 will bring them in £2 10s. weekly, "thus doubling your capital in a month." This is the sort of nauseating hypocrisy, under the guise of religion, which disgusts the man in the street, and which accounts for that emptiness of the churches and chapels which no amount of Sunday closing of public-houses will remedy.

Here is a new argument in favour of total Sunday closing. The Rev. H. T. Devall, preaching at St. Paul's, Ramsey, Isle of Man, the other day, pointed out that although "one devil had been swept away on Sundays by the closing of the public-house," another had been set up—"sweet and herb-beer shops were allowed to be open, where children spent money received from their parents for church and Sunday school collections. *Thus the young received the first lesson in deceit, dishonesty, and hypocrisy.*" This delicious solicitude for the children's morals is certainly worthy of italics. The rev. gentleman's righteous indignation, however, does not end here. He thinks that "imprisonment would not be too much for those encouraging children to become thieves and hypocrites"—and keeping money out of the collection plate! We suggest that when the Manx Legislature is dealing with the remaining "devils" in their island, they should also consider the expatriation of the Rev. Mr. Devall himself.

Some of our contemporaries are not very strong in their geography. Lord Northcliffe lately announced Mr. Chamberlain's arrival at Valescure, "a summer resort two miles from St. Raphaël in the valley of the Garonne." But as a matter of fact the Garonne runs into the sea near Bordeaux, and even its source is a long way off from the Riviera. It happens that there is also a little stream of the same name in the Department of Var, and that Valescure (a winter resort, by the way) stretches over the high ground above its ravines, not even in its valley. Hence our noble friend's blunder.

And blunder breeds blunder. Another editor presents his readers with a picture of what the French call a vague territory. It consists of some sheds and hills and a field and a gigantic crucifix.

WHERE MR. CHAMBERLAIN IS STAYING.

The quaint little village of Valescure, in the Garonne Valley, France, where Mr. Chamberlain is being nursed back to health by his wife and daughter.

No one at Valescure can recognise the sheds or the hills or the crucifix. And Valescure is not even a village, "quaint" or "little" or otherwise. Of course, in popular journalese all foreign villages are quaint and, as they are not towns, comparatively little. But Valescure happens to be a collection of villas in a sort of wooded park. Lord Rendel rules it with a rod of iron and spares no pains to keep it select. Shops are forbidden, and persons without large means or, at least, a title, are firmly warned off the grass. How cruel to call this aristocratic demesne a "quaint little village."

One of the London clergy rises to protest on behalf of the operative bakers against the human consumption of hot cross buns, on which, he says, they put more curses than crosses. It appears that in order that the populace of this great country may gorge on Good Friday, the bakers have to work two and sometimes three days continuously in 90 degrees of heat. They

have our sympathy, but they need not work for us. Of all the products of inhuman ingenuity the hot cross bun easily leads the way in disappointment and sorrow. In fact, the bun takes the biscuit. It is never hot, the cross is invisible, and there are suspicions that the dough is hung on a far-off nail and the currants thrown at it one by one, hit or miss, by a short-sighted man. To call this thing a bun is an outrage on the credulity of a great people. The *Lancet*, one of the leading comic papers, says it is a dysphagitic incubus. It is not like Mrs. Carlyle's sleeping draught, anyway; you cannot take it inside with the assurance that it will make all cosy. For these and other reasons this lamentable product of the bakery should be utterly and for ever abolished. The sign of the Hot Cross Bun must go.

Rumours are buzzing about that the new mode feminine is to be what one of the halfpenny organs calls the "Dutch Neck." Precisely what the Dutch Neck may be in the matter of feminine clothes remains to be seen, but it is hoped that—

> In matters of garments the fault of the Dutch,
> Ain't wearing too little and showing too much.

We have remembrances of that vivid work of the *artiste des robes* known as the pneumonia blouse. To undress for the evening has been a convention of the stalls these many years; and when to undress for the daylight became a convention of the streets, women were revealed unto all men in the deepest recesses of their nature. And now the Dutch Neck—well, well, commend us to the British cheek.

Mr. Churchill's "smooth way" with the Lords is ingenious, but we doubt whether it would be smooth. We do not pretend to be enamoured of the idea that the Prime Minister of the day shall pack the benches of the Lords with Privy Councillors pledged to his own political colour. This is a sword with two edges, and the sharpest edge, depend on it, would be turned against the democratic party. In any case, the Lords would probably fight such a scheme up to a point as keenly and truculently as they would fight one more thorough. In for a penny, in for a pound. We may as well go the whole animal while we are about it; the controversy will not be one live coal hotter, and it will certainly burn out the sooner. It is the question of the veto which needs to be settled; all else is mere re-patching of old clothes. The veto is the central position, and the precise way in which we confine its operation within reasonable time and limits is not a matter of much consequence, so that it gets done. But, of course, neither this scheme nor any other is worth a button unless the country is at the back of it, and unless the Ministers are in earnest about it. The House of Lords never yields to argument. It yields only to fear.

Mr. John Redmond is a practical statesman who has earned the respect of both sides of the House of Commons by his great abilities, his knowledge of Parliamentary practice, and his unerring instinct for knowing when to say nothing. He has made it clear that he is ready to accept the Liberal half-way house to Home Rule, and we hope he is not over sanguine when he calls it a "great proposal." Of course, the Bill—whatever its character—will pass the Commons, but then comes the House of Lords, and its fate in that chamber is already sealed. *L'instant où nous naissons est un pas vers la mort*, said Voltaire; and the instant the Liberal Irish Bill is born will mark a step towards its death. What is also certain is that it will have no hope of a blessed resurrection during the life of this Government—which, as regards all big reforms—can do little else than plough the barren sands.

Mr. Asquith has been good enough to explain the present low price of Consols. He denies they have never been as low as they are now, but there is no question that they are exceedingly cheap. Naturally, persons who bought them in the neighbourhood of 97 do not rejoice when their price drops to 84 something or other. On the other hand, those who happen to have money to buy at the bottom figure do themselves fairly well. The late Government added to the National Debt a sum which neutralised the savings of forty years, borrowed vast sums when they should have paid their way out of income, and dipped their hands into the Sinking Fund as if it were a purse of Fortunatus. When to this is added the natural growth of national expenditure, and the commercial and industrial boom of the last few years—with the consequent demand for money—the present position of Consols goes a long way towards being explained. But it is a long worm that has no turning, and when Consols are better—trade will be worse.

The following little story is new to us. It was an evening party, and they were playing games. This particular one consisted of the players "making faces," the prize being won by the competitor who, in the opinion of the judge, succeeded in making the ugliest grimace. This official, having been duly appointed, was sent out of the room, in orthodox fashion, whilst the company arranged their "physiognomies." "Come in" was in due course called, and the judge entered. Without hesitation, he selected the mother of the hostess for the prize—and was considerably disconcerted when that lady quietly replied, "*I'm not playing.*"

John Bull's Biscuits.

Award No. 231.

For stating that the Lowestoft Lifeboat crew has a dog named "Spit" which performs "a number of tricks, and after each display collects and deposits them in his collecting box,"

THE *DAILY EXPRESS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 232.

For asking every applicant for the post of electrical engineer to send eighteen copies of his testimonials,

THE TOWN CLERK (of the Burgh of Patrick)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 233.

For informing its readers that a young man at the theatre became so excited that with an encouraging shout to the heroine, he leapt headlong from the gallery into the orchestra, "but was not seriously hurt,"

THE *DAILY EXPRESS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 234.

For charging a man who complained to them that while bathing his clothes had been stolen by a deserter from the army, with "wearing military uniform without permission,"

THE LIVERPOOL POLICE
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 235.

For stating that Mr. Cowie, who is about to retire from the position of station master at Ballater, "is 66 years of age and has been in the service of the railway as a station master for the long period of fifty-four years,"

THE *ABERDEEN EVENING GAZETTE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 236.

For announcing that he "does not pretend to be afflicted"; but that the "honest truth" is that he has "lost the use of his right arm."

THE PAVEMENT ARTIST (outside St. Luke's Hospital)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

FRAUDULENT RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM.

I.—"THE CHURCH MONTHLY."

We are at the season of the year when the public who are churchmen will be asked to make Easter offerings. It is an ancient custom, which fell into desuetude, but which has been revived in recent years, and to some extent, it would seem, by the efforts of Mr. Frederick Sherlock, the founder, editor, and owner of the *Church Monthly*. Referring to the revival of these offerings, the *Church Family Newspaper* of March 15th last has a leading article from which we take the following:—

> The present healthy position of the movement is largely due to the persistent and strenuous advocacy of a layman, Mr. Frederick Sherlock, the editor of the *Church Monthly*. He conceived the idea some fifteen years ago of appealing to churchwardens to collect Easter offerings for the beneficed clergy. Mr. Sherlock offered to supply gratuitously all the circulars and notices necessary to float the scheme in any parish, and in the first year of this practical effort 158 parishes co-operated. The success of the movement will be understood when we mention that last Easter it is *known* that no fewer than 5,143 parishes took part.

We have no desire to dissent from our contemporary's view of the assistance rendered by Mr. Sherlock, we can only regret that an excellent movement owes so much, if it does owe it, to a man so unworthy, as we shall presently show Mr. Sherlock to be. Before we proceed to justify that statement, we may mention that Mr. Sherlock is a churchwarden of Hornsey Parish Church; chairman of the Hackney and Middlesex Band of Hope Union; and a prominent speaker upon church platforms. Not long ago he was addressing a meeting in favour of the House of Lords' version of the Education Bill, and this is how he described the Bill then before Parliament. It was, he said, "a violent fanatical, hysterical, intolerant and shameless blot on the Church of England." A little later on in his speech, as reported in a local journal, he said, alluding to Nonconformists—

> These whining crocodile people actually came along and screamed for equal justice and fair play! These lovely men, with their sham degrees, their sham patriotism, their sham citizenship, their sham charity and toleration, and their sham Liberalism, were a disgrace to their sex and their political party.

And again referring to Nonconformists and the Education Bill—

> A Churchman founded Merton College, Oxford, before there was a Parliament; yet these shoddy, contemptible creatures spoke as if Churchmen had no part or lot in the matter of education.

"Here," says the report in the *Hornsey Journal*, "the chairman pulled the speaker's coat tail."

Who, then, is Mr. Frederick Sherlock? And what are his claims to refer to men from whom he differs in the language of the bargee—of the lower sort?

Mr. Sherlock, is, as we have said, the founder, editor, and owner of the *Church Monthly*, a magazine which circulates very largely among Church people. As many of our readers know, in most parishes there is what is called the parish magazine, the body of the magazine consisting of more or less general matter, whilst the first pages are often devoted to local Church affairs. Mr. Sherlock was able to create an enormous circulation for his journal, since it supplied a want. But not content with such profit as he got from this circulation, he wished, naturally enough, to add to it by an advertisement revenue, and so printed a certain number of the journal with covers containing advertisements.. The portion without advertisements ran into very large numbers, but the number printed with advertisements on the cover was comparatively small, since the clergy objected. And it is here that Mr. Sherlock "fell."

In 1894, to take a single year, advertisers were canvassed for by the *Church Monthly*, and orders were got upon the assurance of a circulation of 220,000 copies. This assurance took the form of a statement printed in red, and in large type, at the top of the heading of the *Church Monthly* advertisement department letter paper. It ran—

> Actual *bona fide sold* circulation each month 220,000 copies, entirely exclusive of any localised copies.

The italics are in the original. Here the claim is made that, apart altogether from "localised" copies, 220,000 copies of the magazine in which advertisements appeared were sold monthly. Seven years later, in 1901, upon the application of an advertiser for space, and an inquiry as to circulation, the following answer was given—

> 300,000 issued per month with these covers.

That is to say, 300,000 copies were printed each month of the edition having the advertisements on the cover. And this question of circulation was a very important one from the commercial point of view, seeing that the price per page for a circulation of, say, 40,000 would be about £8, and for 300,000 from £35 to £40. Now we are in a position to state that the *Church Monthly* with "trade covers"—that is, the edition with the advertisements—has never exceeded 40,000. Here is a statement from an affidavit made under circumstances which are explained later.

> In 1897 the number of magazines sold with trade covers did not exceed a monthly circulation of 40,000. In 1898 the sales in May with trade covers did not exceed a monthly circulation of 35,000. In 1899 the sales in magazines with trade covers were reduced to less than 30,000 per month, and in the first six months of 1900 the total sales in magazines with trade covers were less than 25,000 per month.

We have seen a statement which enables us to say that about that time the number of trade wrappers printed for the magazine was 18,000, and as the magazine having advertisements on the cover was distributed only, or almost entirely, in these trade wrappers, it follows that near the time when Mr. Sherlock was saying that the circulation of the edition of the *Church Monthly* in which advertisements appeared was 300,000 it was less than 20,000.

In 1900 traders began to be suspicious and persistent in their enquiries as to the truth of Mr. Sherlock's statements about circulation, and the answers were so unsatisfactory that proceedings were taken in the Courts among others by A. J. White, Limited (Mother Seigel), Mr. Sherlock did not contest the claims to recover the moneys paid. Two cases were in the list for hearing under date Monday, January 16, 1903, but they were never heard because Mr. Sherlock agreed to the demands of the plaintiffs. A. J. White, Ltd., claimed the return of the whole of the money they had paid him for advertising—some £2,800. They said that the circulation of the *Church Monthly* advertisement edition was insignificant, and that such as it was, it was useless for their purposes as advertisers, therefore they refused to allow any credit for their advertisements that had appeared. For this reason they claimed the whole of the £2,800, and this claim was conceded. Mr. Smith, J.P., of Chichester, who had originally financed Mr. Sherlock, but who, so far as we know, was in no way responsible for the false statements as to circulation, paid A. J. White, Ltd., £2,000 in cash and the balance of the claim, which with costs amounted to something like £1,500, was to be worked off by advertising in the body of the magazine. These advertisements, much to the annoyance of the clergy who took the magazine, appeared in it until December, 1905, when the balance due was finally paid in full.

Another complaining advertiser was Mr. Beecham, of pill notoriety, whose claim was settled at the beginning of February, 1903, by Mr. Sherlock undertaking that an equivalent to the amount he had paid for advertisements should be given him in space in the *Church Monthly*, spreading over a period of many months. A third claim by Mr. Van Houten was settled similarly, as were many others as part of the settlement in Mr. Sell's action against Mr. Sherlock, which, we understand, was settled by the payment of £3,000 in cash, and the balance in genuine advertising. We are not aware that the plaintiffs in either action withdrew the charge of fraudulent dealing, for it was fraudulent dealing or nothing. It was not until December, 1906, that the whole of the obligations under this litigation were discharged by Mr. Sherlock.

We have given here a plain statement of transactions for which Mr. Sherlock must be held directly responsible, and we suggest to him that before he indulges in vituperation against men of honour who happen to differ from him upon religious or political questions, he should reform his methods of business, and we suggest to the clergy who are so ready to invite Mr. Sherlock to their platforms, and to accept his pecuniary and other assistance, that they should have some fuller regard to the facts we have disclosed than did the Bishop of Kensington when they were brought formally to his notice, and other of the clergy who have been made acquainted with them. It is well to be an advocate of Easter offerings, but it is better to be honest in your dealings with your fellow men. It is well to be the advocate of temperance, but the pleader should be entitled to respect. In a word, it is well to be zealous in the cause of the Church and of social reform, but zeal for the Church should not be divorced from honesty to the public, nor do platform fulminations against drink excuse obtaining money by false pretences.

IN THE CITY.

THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY AND ITS AMERICAN PATRONS.

The Freezing-Out Process as Applied by the American Trust to Havana Cigars and the English Market.

In order to make it quite clear how the "freezing-out process" is being worked, it is necessary to go back some years to the time when the well-known Havana Cigar brands of "Henry Clay" and "Bock" were acquired by an English company with English capital. This company subsequently obtained the control of another Company, "The Havana Cigar and Cigarette Factories." These factories worked well enough under the new management, and no attempts were made to interfere with the British wholesale Havana merchants importing these brands.

A few years later, however, an American Company was formed, with American capital, called "The Havana Commercial Company," which bought up such well-known factories as "La Corona," "Pedro Murias," "Villar y Villar," "La Carolina," etc., etc. This Company was a few years later absorbed by another American concern, viz., the Havana Tobacco Company, which, in addition to the aforesaid factories owned by its predecessors, the "Havana Commercial Company," secured for itself the well-known factories and brands of "Cabanas" and "J. S. Murias."

This brings us down to practically recent times, and gives us the genesis of "The American Trust," as it is popularly called, but whose correct title is "The American Tobacco Company," an essentially American Company, having Mr. Duke as president.

This American Trust commenced business by buying up the Havana Commercial Company, and 1902 saw the beginning of the struggle for capturing the English market.

It was started by the American Trust gaining a footing in England by the purchase of "Ogdens," then an English Company, for the general tobacco supply. The promises of the Trust at that time, through the medium of Ogdens, will be remembered, and what came of them in the Courts.

The struggle resolved itself into a fight between the Imperial Tobacco Company (a combination specially formed to resist this American invasion, and consisting of W. D. and H. O. Wills, Lambert and Butler, Players, Churchman, Adkin, etc., etc.) and Ogdens, and ended in the American Trust being apparently vanquished, Ogdens being transferred to the Imperial Tobacco Company, Mr. Duke and another colleague being given a seat on the board of that Company.

Thereafter the export trade of the two Trusts was pooled under the title of "The British American Export Company," with the preponderating interest greatly in favour of the Americans. Probably, as part of the spoils, the Imperial Tobacco Company had handed over to it by the American Trust the concession of the whole of the "Havana Tobacco Company's" brands of Havana cigars, which at that time comprised Bock and Co. (El Aguila de Oro), Henry Clay, Intimidad, Espanola, La Corona, La Rosa de Santiago, La Flor de Naves, Don Quixote, Cortina Mora, Estalla, La Prominente, Hijas de Cabanas y Carvajal, J. Murias and Co., and all other brands of this factory; Pedro Murias, Meridiana, Villar y Villar, Africana, Antiguedad, Casimiro Alvarez, La Carolina, La Commercial, Flor de Cuba, Flor de Murias, Flor de Ynclan, Manuel Garcia Alonso, La Vencedora, La Rosa Aromatica, La Flor de Habana, Waldorf Astoria, La Imperial, and all cigarette factories of the above, and also the cigarette factories of Prudencio Rabell, La Hidalguia, etc.

The result was that by this means the Imperial Tobacco Company obtained control of from 75 per cent. to 80 per cent. of the whole output of the Havana cigar trade.

In order to deal with this concession the Imperial Tobacco Company made arrangements by which the Havana Cigar Importing firm in England of W. Klingenstein and Co. was formed into a limited company with a capital of £600,000, the majority of the directors being nominated by the Imperial Tobacco Company.

The next step was to give W. Klingenstein and Co., Ltd., the sole agency of all the "American Trust's" Havana brands in England, and the result was that other competing Havana cigar importers were obliged to send their orders for the brands controlled by the Havana Tobacco Company to W. Klingenstein and Co., Ltd., for transmission to Havana, although W. Klingenstein and Co., Ltd., still continued to be an importing house, and thus obtained full information of what Trust goods were being handled by their competitors.

Very shortly three or four importing houses found this position intolerable. They ceased to have anything to do with the Trust or its goods, and commenced to exclusively support those factories in Havana which had not been absorbed by the Trust. Presumably to meet this unexpected movement, and protect those importers who continued to deal in the Trust goods, the Trust Company formulated a scheme whereby a minimum selling agreement came into existence with more or less satisfactory results to the Trust customers. But apparently the Trust was not going ahead as fast as it would like, for late in 1905 W. Klingenstein and Co., Ltd., ceased to hold the sole agency for the "Trust," and those importers who continued to handle "Trust" cigars were allowed to send their orders direct to the "Trust," without the intervention of W. Klingenstein and Co., Ltd. Since that time the selling agreement has been more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

All these moves not bringing the Trust appreciably nearer their goal of monopoly, a policy of "freezing out" is now being adopted. The multiple tobacconists controlled by the Imperial Tobacco Company also make a prominent show of Trust brands of Havana cigars to the exclusion of independent brands.

Fortunately, there are some Havana factories, known as the "Independents," who steadfastly refuse the blandishments of the Trust, such as "Romeo y Julieta," "Punch," "Larranagu," "Partagus," etc., etc., and in spite of tempting offers of purchase on the part of the Trust, their owners still prefer to keep their factories, and retain their independence and individuality.

The Trust now crowd three or four or more brands under one roof in Havana. What the next move will be remains to be seen, and it rests entirely with the British public as to how long the insidious methods of this gigantic Trust, with its 500,000,000dols. capital, are to be allowed to continue under the guise of apparently fair and bona-fide competition.

The secretary of the Century Insurance Company directs our attention to a paragraph in our "Answers to Questions," on page 272 of our issue of the 23rd inst., in which this company's name is mentioned in connection with the London, Liverpool and Globe. As the context shows, the "Central" is the amalgamating company, and not the "Century." We regret the slip.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

British Stock and Share Corporation.—Thomas (Southport) has received a circular from this Corporation, of 79, Queen Street, London, offering to make him £350 in four days in respect of every £100 deposited—or £30,500 a year. What more can he expect in these hard times? Doubtless, when money is cheaper, better results will be obtained. Police!

"Put" Options.—Sydenham (London).—In dealing in shares like Measures Bros., you are entirely in the hands of the people with whom you are dealing. Drop this kind of speculation. You can't win. At the same time insist upon taking the Tape price.

North British Railway Ordinary.—British (Glasgow).—The railway outlook is not very bright just now, but at its present price this stock is cheap. We are not quite sure, however, that you would not find it more convenient to put the money into some good home industrial shares of £1 denomination.

Mount Lyell.—"John Bull" Reader (Birmingham).—We think so.

Pioneer Sick Benefit Society.—G. H. W. (Bristol).—We have no information respecting it.

Wheal Commerce Tin.—Partridge (Cardiff).—We should hold them for the present.

Endowment Sickness and Accident Assurance Corporation, Limited (London).—We are obliged by your letter, and appreciate your motive in writing it.

J. and J. Lonsdales.—J. H. S. (Reading).—We do not know where they are quoted.

The Public Tea Company.—R. H. (Battersea Park).—You say quite enough in your letter to show that you appreciate the real value of the "certificates" issued with the tea. Why then waste your time and ours by asking our advice as to whether you shall buy the tea? Have you never heard of the Nelson Tea Company, and what came of it?

The Lithographic Stone and Marble Works.—W. R. L. (Shepherd's Bush).—We do not advise the investment.

Motor Shares.—N. T. M. (Teddington).—We should prefer other selections to those you name.

James Nelson and Sons.—X. Y. Z. (Macclesfield).—It is quite likely, but these shares are very speculative.

British Cotton and Wool Dyers.—Caladiam (Wanstead).—There is not likely to be much change at present. The company is doing well.

Two Building Societies.—A. A. (Brondesbury).—We have always heard both well spoken of.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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IN THE COURTS.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

At last something is to be done—at any rate, something has been promised, and may be done by-and-bye—in the matter of imprisonment for debt. On Wednesday of last week Mr. Pickersgill moved the following resolution in the House of Commons:—

"That the present powers of committing to prison for non-payment of debt ought to be restricted."

After an interesting discussion this resolution was adopted without dissent. The Solicitor-General, however, argued that it would be unwise to take action upon it without previous inquiry, and apparently the Government intend to appoint a Select Committee to inquire into the present practice. That is a step in the right direction, and we can only hope that the Committee will report quickly, that it will advise abolition of imprisonment for debt—as we can hardly doubt it will—and that before it rises the House of Commons will give effect to its recommendation. There was only one speaker who ventured to defend the existing practice, and, to do him justice, he did it thoroughly. Sir William Bull thinks the present practice necessary and unobjectionable. His argument was that of the solicitor whose one idea is how to get money from a debtor, careless as to how the debt was incurred, or whether it is dishonesty or inability that leaves it unpaid. Lest we do the Member for Hammersmith injustice, we will quote his words *in extenso*, as they appear in the *Times*. After saying that the subject was an extremely difficult one, he went on:—

> It was represented that the County Court was a great engine of oppression, but it took at least 16 or 17 months to get a few shillings out of a debtor if he knew how to act. The County Courts were of great use to people in trade, and the House should pause before passing a resolution of this kind. The principle had worked out extremely well in the hands of the judges, and the cases of imprisonment were seldom cases of hardship. Of the committal orders made 80 per cent. were never put into force.

It would be difficult to compress into shorter space a longer list of doubtful propositions. We will take them one by one. "It takes," said Sir William Bull, "16 or 17 months to enforce payment of a small debt"—he was dealing with County Court debts—"if only the debtor knows how to work the law so as to delay payment till the last moment." We challenge Sir William Bull to make good that statement. Sir William Bull goes on to say that the County Courts are of great use to people in trade. Now he must know quite well that the people in trade who use the threat of imprisonment to enforce payment are, in nine cases out of ten, the least reputable section of traders. They are tallymen and the like, who, in the absence of the husband, induce the wife to buy what she has no occasion for, or cannot afford to buy, and who would never give her credit but for this power of threatening imprisonment in the case of non-payment. There is no imprisonment for debt in Scotland. Does Sir William Bull tell us that the traders of Scotland have suffered from the want of this lever to compel debtors to pay? He knows better.

Sir William Bull says that there are seldom cases of hardship under the law as administered in the County Courts, and that of the committal orders made 80 per cent. are never put into force. Granted, and what does it prove? As the County Court returns prove, no fewer than 11,405 debtors were sent to prison last year. What if they represent 20 per cent. only of the total number of persons against whom committal orders have been got? It makes the case infinitely worse to show that, in addition to these 11,405 people who have been actually sent to prison in defiance of the intention of Parliament, there is four times the number over whom a committal order hangs.

Sir William Bull is equally at sea when he says that the principle of imprisonment has worked out extremely well in the hands of the judges. As a fact there is no sort of uniformity in the practice of the County Court judges in the matter of imprisonment. Thus, the official returns show that on Circuit II. last year, 20,409 plaints were entered. Upon these only 28 debtors were sent to jail. On the other hand, on Circuit XI., with a number of plaints substantially the same, 401 debtors were actually imprisoned. While Section 5 of the Debtors' Act, 1869, requires that the power to imprison shall "only be exercised when it is proved to the satisfaction of the Court that the person making default either has or has had since the date of the order or judgment the means to pay the sum in respect to which he has made default, or neglected or refuses or neglects to pay the same," many judges commit to prison without even pretending to require the fulfilment of these conditions. Happily, the House of Commons takes a broader, and more humane, and wiser, view of this question of imprisonment for debt than Sir William Bull and the other solicitors—not all solicitors, happily, are with him—for whom he speaks.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

IV.—A PENNY IN THE SLOT.

I am told there has been set up within the precincts of the military lines at Aldershot a teetotal fountain whereat Mr. Thomas Atkins may drink and be assuaged. It seems a good idea; and in imagination I see Tommy mustering round it singing that rousing song—

I will meet you at the fountain,
Where the milk and soda flows,

in joy and thanksgiving. It is enough to drive me to drink myself.

The mechanical arrangements are quite simple. You put a penny in a slot, and in the twinkling of an eye the milk, or the soda, or the inebriating beer, or the balloon-juice gushes out into tumbler, jug, or tea-cup, or bucket. There is absolutely no waiting. You pay your money and you take gushes out into tumbler, jug, tea-cup or bucket. There used to be a more elaborate machine of the kind, and there is another in the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris. You drop a penny, or several pennies one after the other, into the slot. In a little while the machine thrusts out a basin of soup, or even a plate of pie; at all events, there is a slot labelled pie, and I have no reason to suppose that if it were called by any other name it would taste any worse. There are other slots for ices, and sandwiches, and pastries; and if anything goes wrong with the works—if, for instance, the ice gets squashed or the sandwich looks too young for its age, you get your money back. Nothing could be fairer or more convenient.

This being so, I am not surprised that the slot idea is developing. Even the Postmaster-General seems to have become convinced that it is a "long-felt want," and so outside the Post Office in St. Martins-le-Grand he has erected a machine for handing out stamps. So popular is it that Mr. Liddell, M.P., yearns for the Postmaster General to set up postage stamp slot machines in the various railway stations. By all means. Let them all come. Even life is a slot machine, properly regarded. You get out of it what you put into it, neither more nor less; for evolution, you see, must equal involution. Put into life a pennyworth of your best and you get out a pennyworth of the best it has to give—say, a pennyworth of happiness, or contentment, or pleasure. Put in a pennyworth of your worst, and you get out of it a lump of old red sandstone, or an empty plate, or a bone without any meat on it, or a dish of gall and wormwood, or a bunch of thistles. It is really amazing what a fine time a man can get out of life if he puts his pennies in the slot at the right time and in the right way. It does not need a big capital to enjoy life. A full penn'orth, value for money, is all that anybody ever gets out of it at a time—and there are thousands of fools who don't get that.

During the London County Council elections Mr. George Alexander, the eminent tragedian, pressed into his service a phonograph, and other friends of his unrighteous cause did likewise. He spoke his speeches into the machine, it was placed on the table at crowded and enthusiastic meetings of lovely ladies and others, somebody put a penny in the slot or turned a handle, and out came the discourse, wondrous eloquential. This suggests to me a plan for saving the Parliamentary time of this stupendous nation. As matters are, Parliament never does any work, because everybody wants to talk, from the Prime Minister and Arthur James down to the Hon. Member for Pontydwllllgbckrdrochxz. If the Lord had made all men dumb the House would get through ten times as much work. What I propose is that every member of the House should have a private and portable penny-in-the-slot phonograph, and that it should have place in a special room, as near the tiles as possible. If and when the member had anything to say about anything, he would have a record made of it, and fix it on the phonograph, ready for use when wanted. If he wanted to hear himself talk he would simply have to climb upstairs and have a penn'orth, and anybody else who wished to hear him, and did not mind how he squandered his money, could climb up and have a penn'orth also. On the other hand, if he were a Scotsman, or somebody else who preferred to save up, he need not go; he could abide below stairs and simply vote. I am convinced that if speeches were phonographed and sold at a penny a time in a room on the roof, the windy argumentativeness of M.P.'s would fizzle out for want of custom.

SHARES WANTED.—London firm of brokers will take option on a block of Shares in good Copper or Gold Mining Company, with a view of placing them here and on the Continent. Quoted dividend payers preferred.—Address, stating terms and giving full particulars, "BROKERS," care of J. W. VICKERS AND CO., 5, Nicholas Lane, E.C.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE ARMY CANTEEN.

By F. P. Dunne.

(*Copyright, 1907, by H. H. McClure and Co.*)

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I seen big Doherty runnin' in a sojer to-day an' 'twas a fine sight. Th' sojer was fr'm th' County Kerry an' had a thrip an' Doherty is th' champeen catch-as-catch-can rassler iv Camp Twinty-eight. He had a little th' worst iv it, f'r he cud on'y get a neck holt, th' warryor havin' no slack to his pants, but he landed him at last. 'Twas gr-reat to see thim doin' a cart-wheel down th' sthreet."

"Was th' sojer under th' influonce?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Ye might say he was," said Mr. Dooley. "That is, ye might say so if ye didn't know that th' dhrinkin' habits iv th' army have been rayformed. Didn't ye know they were? They ar-re. Yes, sir. Th' motto iv our brave fellows is now 'Away, away, th' bowl.' 'Tis 'Wine f'r th' thremblin' debauchee, but water, pure water, f'r me.' 'Tis 'Father, dear father, come home with me now.' An' who did it? Who is it that improves men an' makes thim more ladylike an' thin quits thim but th' ladies? This here rayform was carrid out be th' Young Ladies' Christyan Timprance Union, no less. Ye see 'twas this way. F'r manny years it's been th' theery that dhrink an' fightin' wint arm-in-arm. If ye dhrank ye fought, if ye fought ye dhrank to fight again. As Hogan says, Mars, who was th' gawd iv war, was no good onless he was pushed into throuble be Backis, the gawd iv dhrink. About th' time Mars was r-ready to quit an' go home to do th' Spring plowin' Backis handed him a jigger iv kerosene an' says: 'That fellow over there is leerin' at ye. Ar-re ye goin' to stand that?' an' Mars bustled in. Th' barkeeper or th' banker ar-re behind ivry war.

"Well, in former times th' Governmint kept a saloon f'r th' sojers. Up at Fort Shurdan they had a ginmill where th' warryors cud go an' besot thimsilves with bottled beer an' dominoes. It was a tur-able sight to se thim grim heroes, survivors of a thousand marches through th' damp sthreets on Decoration Day, settin' in these temples iv hell an' swillin' down th' hated cochineel that has made Milwaukee what it is. To this palace iv vice th' inthrepid definder iv his Nation's honour hastened whin he had completed th' arjoos round iv his jooties, afther he had pressed th' Lootinant's clothes, curried th' Captain's horse, mended th' roof iv th' Major's house, watered th' geeranyums f'r th' Colonel's wife, an' written his daily letter to th' paper complainin' about th' food. There he sat an' dhrank an' fought over his old battles with th' cook an' recalled th' name that he give whin he first enlisted an' thried to think who it was he marrid in Fort Leavenworth ontil th' bugle summoned him to th' awful carnage called supper.

"Well, Sir, 'twas dhreadful. We opposed it as much as we cud. As a dillygate to th' Binivolent Assocyation iv Saloon Keepers iv America I've helped to pass manny resolutions to save our brave boys in yellow fr'm th' incidyous foe that robs thim iv what intellicts they show be goin' into th' army. Our organ-ization petitioned Congress time an' time again to take th' Governmint out iv this vile poorsoot that was sappin' th' very vitals iv our sojery. Why, we asked, shud Uncle Sam engage in this here thraffic in th' souls iv men without payin' f'r a license, whin dacint citizens were puttin' up their good money a block away an' niver a soul comin' down fr'm th' fort to be thrafficked in? Did Congress pay anny attintion to us? It did not.

"But wan day a comity iv ladies fr'm th' Young Ladies' Christyan Timprance Union wint out to th' fort. They'd seen th' Colonel at th' last p'rade, an' they'd decided that 'twas high time they disthributed copies iv 'Death in th' Bottle; or, Th' Booze-Fighter's Finish,' among our fearless sojery. Whin they got up there they seen a large bunch iv our gallant fellows makin' a dash f'r an outlyin' building, an' says wan iv thim: 'What can they be in such a hurry f'r? That must be th' chapel. Let us go in.' An' in they wint. Hinnissy, th' sight that met their young an' unaccustomed eyes was enough to shock even a lady lookin' f'r throuble. Th' air was grey an' blue with th' fumes iv that heejous weed that has made mankind happy though single f'r four hundherd years, an' that next to alcohol is th' greatest curse iv th' sons iv Adam. Some iv th' degin'rate wretches were playin' cards, properly called th' Divvle's bible; others were indulgin' in music, that lure iv th' Evil Wan f'r idleness, while still others were intint on th' furyous game iv dominoes, whose feet take hold on hell. But worse, still worse, they saw through their girlish spectacles dimmed with unbidden tears. F'r in front iv each iv these war-battered vethrans shtud a bottle, in some cases har'ly half filled, with a brownish-yellow flood with bubbles on top iv it. What was it, says ye? Hardened as I am to dhrink iv ivry kind, I hesitate to mention th' wurrud. But concealment is useless. 'Twas beer. These brave men, employed be th' taxpayer iv America to defind th' hearths iv th' tax-dodger iv America, supposed be all iv us to have consicrated their lives to upholdin' th' flag, were at heart votaries, as Hogan says, iv Aloes, gawd iv beer.

"F'r a moment th' ladies shtud dumbfounded. But they did not long remain in this unladylike attichood. Th' Chairwoman iv th' dillygation recovered her voice, an' advancin' to'rd a sergeant who was thryin' to skin a pair iv fours down so that it wud look like a jack full to his ineebryated opponent, she said: 'Me brave man, d'ye ralize that that bottle is full iv th' Seed iv Desthruction?' she says. 'I think ye'er wrong, mum,' says he. 'It's Pilsener,' he says. 'Soon or late,' she says, 'th' demon rum will desthroy ye,' she says. 'Not me,' says th' vethran iv a thousand enlistments. 'I don't care f'r rum. A pleasant companyon, but a gossip. It tells on ye. Th' demon rum with a little iv th' demon hot water an' th' demon surgar is very enticin', but it has a perfume to it that is dangerous to a marrid man like mesilf. Rum, madam, is an informer. Don't niver take it. I agree with ye that it's a demon,' says he. 'Why,' says she, 'do ye dhrink this dhreadful poison?' says she. 'Because,' says th' brave fellow, 'I can't get annything sthronger without desertin',' he says.

"An' they wint down to Washington to see th' Congressmen. Ye know what a Congressman is. I've made a few right here in this barroom. Th' on'y thing a Congressman isn't afraid iv is th' on'y thing I'd be afraid iv, an' that is iv bein' a Congressman. An' th' thing he's most afraid iv is th' ladies. A comity of ladies wud make Congress repeal th' ten commandments. Not that they'd iver ask thim to, Hinnissy. They'd make thim ten thousand if they had their way, an' mark thim: 'F'r men on'y.' But annyhow th' ladies comity wint down to Washin'ton. They'd been there befure an' dhriven th' Demon Rum fr'm th' resthrant into a lair in th' comity room. A Congressman came out, coughin' behind his hand, an' put his handkerchief into th' north-west corner iv his coat. 'Ladies,' says he, 'what can I do f'r ye?' he says. 'Ye must save th' ar-rmy fr'm th' malt that biteth like a wasp an' stingeth like an adder,' says they. 'Ye bet ye'er life I will, ladies,' says th' Congressman, with a slight hiccup. 'I will do as ye desire. A sojer that will dhrink beer is a disgrace to th' American jag,' he says. 'We abolished public dhrinkin' in th' capital,' he says. 'We done it to make th' Sinitors onhappy, but thim hardened tools iv predytory wealth haye ordhered ink wells made in th' shape iv decanters. But,' he says, 'th' popylar branch iv th' Naytional Ligislachure is not

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to be outdone. Ye see these panels on th' wall? I touch a button an' out pops a bottle iv Bourbon that wud make ye'er eyes dance. Whoop-ee!'

"So Congress passed a bill abolishin' th' canteen. An' it's all right now. If a sojer wants to desthroy himsilf he has to walk a block. Some iv me enterprisin' colleagues in th' business have opened places convenient to th' fort, where th' bold sons iv Mars, instead iv th' corroding beer, can get annything fr'm sulphuric acid to knock-out dhrops. I see wan iv thim stockin' up at a wholesale dhrug store last week. If the sojers escape th' knock-out dhrops they come down-town an' Doherty takes care iv thim. A sojer gets thirteen dollars a month, we'll say. Twelve dollars he can devote to dhrink an' wan dollar to th' fine. Twelve times eight hundherd an' twelve times that—well, 'tis no small item in th' coorse iv a year. Whin th' Binivolent Assocyation iv Saloonkeepers holds its next meeting I'm goin' to propose to sind dillygates to th' Young Ladies' Christyan Timprance Union. It ought to be what the' unions call an affilyated organ-isation."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Hennessy, "they think they're doin' what's right."

"An' they ar-re," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye'll not find me defindin' th' sellin' iv dhrink to anny man annywhere. There's no wan that's as much iv a timprance man as a man that's been in my business f'r a year. I'd give up all th' fun I get out iv dhrinkin' man to escape th' throuble I have fr'm dhrunkards. Drink's a poison. I don't deny it. I'll admit I'm no betther thin an ordhinry doctor. Both iv us gives ye something that cures ye iv th' idee that th' pain in ye'er chest is pnoomony iv th' lungs. If it really is pnoomony ye go off somewhere an' lie down an' ayether ye cure ye'ersilf iv pnoomony or th' pnoomony cures ye iv life. Dhrink niver made a man betther, but it has made manny a man think he was betther. A little iv it lifts ye out iv th' mud where chance has thrown ye; a little more makes ye think th' stains on ye'er coat ar-re eppylets; a little more dhrops ye back into th' mud again. It's a frind to thim that ar-re cold to it an' an inimy to those that love it most. It welcomes thim in an' thrips thim as they go out. I tell ye 'tis a threacherous dhrug an' it oughtn't to be given to ivry man. To get a dhrunk a man ought first to be examined be his parish priest to see whether he needs it an' how it's goin' to affect him. F'r wan man he'd write on th' prescription 'Ad lib,' as Dock O'Leary does whin he ordhers a mustard plasther f'r me; f'r another he'd write: 'Three times a day at meals.' But most people he wudden't prescribe it f'r at all.

"Do I blame th' ladies? Faith, I do not. Ye needn't think I'm proud iv me business. I on'y took to it because I am too janial to be a mechanic an' too tender-hearted to be a banker or a lawyer. No, Sir, I wudden't care a sthraw if all th' dhrink in th' wurruld was dumped to-morrah into th' Atlantic Ocean, although f'r a week or two afther it was I'd have to get me a diving suit if I wanted to see annything iv me frinds. Booze has always been a pop'lar bivrage with men, but th' ladies have never admired it much. An' I don't wonder. How often have I sat with Hogan an' ye'ersilf an' passed th' can an' see ye'er wife lookin' on with puzzled eyes. We'd begin perfectly ca'm an' sinsible, but about th' third dhrink some wan iv us wud make a remark that was about as funny as a coffin-plate an' we'd burst into howls iv laughter, beat each other on th' knee, crow an' gurgle with th' tears runnin' down our cheeks. Th' good woman knew th' joke was not worth th' expinse iv a dhreary smile, an' 'twas not us but old King Alcohol that was yellin' at it. Afther th' jolly we got to th' boastful stage. Ye told how ye called Jawn L. Sullivan a loafer in th' year eighty-eight, Hogan admited that whin he was eight years old he was th' best debater in th' Brothers' school, an' I recited a few iv me advintures be flood an' field. To'rd iliven o'clock somewan mentioned th' death iv Bill Hugins, who passed away durin' th' Mexican War, an' we had a good weep. A little later I noticed ye were broodin' over something. Ye said nawthin' f'r a while an' thin ye got up an' ast Hogan if he meant what he said to ye while ye were waitin' to start on th' Patrick's day p'rade two years ago. At that th' good woman put down her sewin' with an alarmed face an' sint ye off to bed an' th' party was over. Now what d'ye suppose ye'er wife thought about dhrink while this here game was goin' on? If ye want to know, if ye want to know why nearly all ladies ar're timprance rayformers, stay sober ye'ersilf some night whin ye'er frinds are makin' merry. Be hivens, whin I close up this establishment iv a Saturdah night afther me boon companyons have started to grope f'r their varchous homes, I feel like goin' down-town an' askin' to be enrolled in the Young Ladies' Timp'rance Union. I do so.

"No, Sir, th' ladies ar're not to blame. They've always thried to rayform man, an' they haven't yet got onto th' fact that maybe he's not worth rayformin'. They don't undherstan' why a man shud be allowed to pizen himsilf into th' belief that he amounts to somethin', but thin they don't undherstand man. They little know what a bluff he is an' how 'tis on'y be fortifyin' himsilf with stuff that they regard as iv no use except to burn undher a tea-kettle that he dares to go on livin' at all. He knows how good dhrink makes him look to himsilf an' he dhrinks. They see how it makes him look to ivrybody else, an' they want to take it away fr'm him. Whin he's sober his bluff is on th' outside. Whin he's dhrunk he makes th' bluff to his own heart. Dhrink turns him inside out as well as upside down, an' while he's congratulatin' himsilf on th' fine man he is th' neighbors know him f'r a boaster, a cow'rd an' somethin' iv of liar. That th' ladies see an' hate. They do not know that there is wan thing an on'y wan thing to be said in favor iv dhrink, an' that is that it has caused manny a lady to be loved that otherwise might've died single."

"They're all right," said Mr. Hennessy. "I'm against it."

"Yes," said Mr. Dooley. "Anny man is against dhrink that's iver been really against it."

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

The Parvenu.

The Parvenu, weary of his Condition By which he was Compelled
To Stay outside Society, and Being Ambitious to see Life, gave out that if a Lord would introduce Him to the
Best Circles, He would reward Him with many Precious Stones.
A Certain Lord undertook to do That which he asked,
And Escorted Him to a Dinner, where were gathered all the Heads.
But the Parvenu Persisted in eating Peas with His Knife, at which
The Heads Looked askance, and he was never invited out again.
On discovering the Reason, He made A Great Moan, Crying the while,
"Fool that I was to eat Peas with my Knife, when there was a
Spoon Beside my Plate. Woe! woe!"

F. W. THOMAS.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

By Jim Crow.

I can well understand that gloom and dismay must have overwhelmed these islands when week succeeded week and no winged words flowed from my golden pen. The fact is that I have been basking beside cerulean seas, feasting my eyes upon brilliant bays and cloudless skies, in a balmy atmosphere, heavy-laden with the scents of myriad flowers, while other little Englanders were doubtless shivering in their sullen snows.

That, at least is what I tell to the marines. As a matter of fact, I have been spending most of my days and nights in the pestiferous Casino at Monte Carlo. To describe its atmosphere at all adequately would require the imagination of a Dante, the courage of a Zola, the vocabulary of a bargee, and the vehemence of Father Vaughan.

The Odour of Unsanctity.

When you pass through the swing-doors into the Temple of Chance, the air takes you by the throat, flings a foul blanket over your head, and reduces you to a gasping, helpless, hopeless wreck in about five minutes. The black hole of Calcutta must have been a balmy, breezy pleasaunce in comparison. The smell is unlike any other in the whole round world. It is a decadent smell, probably compounded of thousands of oleaginous scents carried by thousands of perspiring people during weeks and months and years. It is not precisely the smell of dead mice or rotten apples or stinking fish or assofœtida or burning rubber or Polish Jews or cod liver oil. But it is nastier than any of them. And it is very bad for the larynx. Nearly every frequenter of the rooms acquires a chronic huskiness or a hacking cough, as well as the usual hectic flush.

The Gambling Fever.

From 10 a.m. till 2 a.m. the merry ball goes round unceasingly. And at 2 a.m. many go up the hill to the Casino at Beausoleil or down the hill to the Sporting Club, in search of baccarat. An excellent club, by the way, for there is no subscription, and meals are served at cost price. The profits of baccarat suffice to pay the piper. At first blush, you would imagine that, after playing roulette all day, no one would want to play baccarat all night. But the gambling fever is a very strange and persistent disease. When it seizes a victim it paralyses all other forms of activity. You cannot read the papers or write a letter or think or talk or dream of anything but the changes or chances of the various games. You cannot sleep; you do not want to eat; you lose all sense of proportion—even your usual delicacy about money matters. Indeed, money seems to have quite a different value at Monte Carlo. Coins become mere counters, and even £20 or £40 notes are little more than memoranda.

Dream Numbers.

I once dreamed that I saw three numbers—17, 7 and 2—come up one after the other, but that I had nothing on them. When I reached the Casino those numbers immediately came up, but some uncanny force prevented me from staking upon any of them. This time I determined to dream again and be bolder. I dreamed that number 20 came up three times in succession. Unfortunately, I dallied too long over lunch, and when I reached my usual table I found that 20 had come up three times in succession ten minutes earlier. If only I had been in time, I should have won £2,400 with one 4s. piece.

A very pleasant way of making money is to put 4s. on a number. Then, if it comes up, you do not take the £7 you have won, but tell the croupier to add the money to your stake. If the number comes up again, you have turned 4s. into £240, which is not a bad little operation in finance. This is known as the *grand coup*. I have attempted it several times, but never brought it off yet. However, the day may come.

Forced Wins.

Banks are supposed never to make mistakes. But I have seen people make money through the carelessness of croupiers, or rather through the indifference of their own French. Years ago, a friend of mine threw down a £40 note at trente-et-quarante, shouted "Change" to the croupier, and turned away to talk to some ladies. After some minutes the croupier asked him if he wanted to leave his £640 on. He protested that he had only asked for change, but the croupier had understood him to say "Noir," and black had come up four times running. In spite of all protests, the officials compelled my friend to take the money.

The other day, another friend of mine handed a 500 franc note to the croupier and said, "Put 2 louis on the last six numbers and 3 louis on the last dozen." The croupier understood 23 louis on the last dozen, which came up. So my friend received 46 louis instead of 6.

Apologues.

Another irony of fate was afforded by an incident which I recently witnessed. A man threw a £4 gold piece, intending it for red. It rolled on to 30, which is a black number as you all know. He grew terribly excited, for there was a great throng round the table, and he feared lest he should be too late to pull it back on to red. He pushed, he struggled, he shouted, he wrestled, he raved, he yelled, he perspired. The ball was rolling, but by dint of Herculean efforts and Brobdingnagian vitality, he was just in time. He contrived to scratch the piece off 30 and on to red at the very last moment, just as the ball was settling itself comfortably into number 30. If he had only let it alone he would have won £140 instead of £4. What an apologue! I made much philosophy in my mind over this apt illustration of the frenzy and determination wherewith some humans struggle to do the wrong thing. I told the story to a famous writer of apologues or apophthegms, or whatever they are called. After a laugh and a pause, he said, "Have you got a fiver on you?" "Is that another apologue?" I inquired.

Suicides.

During some twenty years' acquaintance with Monte Carlo, I have heard much talk of suicides, but I have never believed in them. Indeed, a resident avers that there is a smaller percentage of suicides in the Principality of Monaco than in any other civilised state. However, this year people were talking of suicides almost every day. A friend of mine saw a man fire a revolver in the big hall outside the gambling rooms. Instantly a number of officials hustled the body away through a doorway. There are always emergency exits at all parts of the Casino. The story went that this man was an absconding bank clerk, who had lost all he had stolen. He then tried to blackmail the Administration, asserting that unless he received £400 he would make a scene by pretending to kill himself. The Administration offered him £4 and a first-class ticket to Vienna. So he made his scene, but took good care not to hurt himself. Another friend of mine saw a man in the covered corridor outside the Casino fire three shots at himself without result. He must have been a poor marksman.

Neville and Myself.

Neville Chamberlain, son of Joseph, has been helping to nurse the illustrious invalid in the "quaint little village" which is not in the valley of any Garonne. On his way home he telegraphed to the hotel at Arles for a room, and he travelled in the station omnibus with me. He jumped out first, pushed past me, and took off his hat to the landlady. She told him he had been very wise to telegraph, and proceeded to assign him the smallest room in the house. As she was leading me to an apartment which might almost have accommodated a troop of horse, she said, "Do you know who that was?" "No." "It is the son of Lord Chamberlain, and he must be on his way to attend the King at Biarritz. I suppose I ought to have given him your room, but I thought, as you were two . . ." "Quite right, quite right," said I; "He ought to be very thankful to have a room at all." When I left, two days later, she returned to the subject of the younger Chamberlain: "What does he do for a living?" "Nothing." "Ah! Par exemple!" And I left her dumbfounded with amazement.

Riviera Amusements.

The suburban craze for "book-dinners" and "motto-teas" has now taken root on the Riviera. A dinner-party was recently given at the Union Club at Cannes, where everyone was expected to come disguised as a book. A foreign count had scribbled "C 2 C" on his shirtfront, this formula suggesting "From Sea to Sea." The Grand Duke Michael wore a pair of pink stays, which, being interpreted, was Ouida's "Held in Bondage." Perhaps the worst joke was that perpetrated by a lady who wore a wreath of bay-leaves surmounted by a deck of playing cards. It took a long time to discover that this was meant for Baedeker.

At a "motto-tea," also at Cannes, the prize was won by a young lady, who represented, "Silence is golden." She wore a Greek costume of golden silk, a long gold-spangled veil and massive gold ornaments. A large gold coin was suspended over her mouth by a golden thread, and she never said a word for an hour. Cynics said that the coin was of chocolate, and that she contrived to soften her silence by soft and unseen licks.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To President Theodore Roosevelt, The White House. Washington.

What a broth of a boy you are, Theo. Have just read of your description of the report that you have "planned to give £10,000,000 for a fund to modernise and Christianise China" as "all rot." I knew it was all rot myself before you spoke, not only because you are not worth ten millions, but because, if you were, you would know where to find a better investment for your money.

You will have all your work cut out to modernise and Christianise America, believe me. China is none of your business, I take it, and, with all respect, the only extant firm who could make a success of it as a going concern is John Bull and Co., Universal Providers. Heaven has long been a British possession, and under guidance of Providence, it may be that China sooner or later will be. You are quite right in leaving these little things to us. Civilising and Christianising things and people is our mission on earth, whether they like it or not. On the other hand, my dear Teddy, America was merely invented for chewing gum. When *are* you coming over to see me? Do hurry up. Rely on it that I will do you proud. Why not join our Colonial Conference?

John Bull.

To Upton Sinclair, Esq., U.S.

Dear U.S.,—"U.S." stands for a great many things: "United States," "Unmitigated Scamp," "Upright, Sincere," or "Upton Sinclair." You can take it, of course, in the sense it is meant, whatever that may mean. Well, I know you have had a little fire in your

U.S.; in this case I mean your "Utopian 'stablishment." most blessings have that kind of attire, especially if they come at the right moment. The next thing you will have tc do is to find the culprit who struck the match.

You have a young fellow living in the colony who is a bit of an author; he wrote a book about wild animals. I did hear that when he wrote his first novel no publisher would take it on, and this young man told a reporter that the author of "The Journal of Arthur Stirling" had committed suicide, and that reporter got the press to publish "the fact." Then the public wanted the book, and they had it. When this supposed suicide was told he would lose the respect of all decent people, he said, "I knew that the hoax would cost me my reputation and the respect of all decent people, but that don't matter, for I have not been favoured with the acquaintance of many decent people, and am not obliged to hear what the world thinks of me. Besides, I would have cheerfully robbed a house or sandbagged a millionaire had my task been possible in no other way. My one desire was to raise a sensation. First, to sell the book, of course; and second, to give me a standing ground from which to begin the agitation of my cause." Well, dear boy, you keep your eye on that young man who lived in your co-operative home. I will just give you a slight hint—his initials are "U.S." I gave you a Biscuit some time ago for saying that dish-washing was the cause of anæmia, prostitution, ugliness, degenerate children, and drunken husbands. Have you received it safely?

By-the-bye, are all the hogs gathered into the haven of peace you talked about? I understand bacon is dearer. How much were you insured for?

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Athlumney.

My dear Lord,—I should not have dreamed of exposing you to the fierce light of publicity if you had not yourself voluntarily rushed into it by contributing your autobiography to the chaste pages of *M.A.P.* But as you tell us that you once knew French, "thanks to always having foreign maids and governesses," I will exclaim unto you: "Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin."

I rub my eyes and wonder why any editor should have yearned to publish the story of your life. The only possible conclusion is that *M.A.P.* is an implacable enemy of the hereditary legislature, and has deliberately chosen you as the awful example.

You are, however, to be congratulated upon your candour. And your airy indifference towards the good old Nonconformist Conscience is really almost worthy of Mr. Robert Sievier. Perhaps the gem of your reminiscences is that which refers to your career at Harrow: "I really do not think there is anything to be said about my days there. I fear they were not distinguished by good behaviour on my part. My life there was merry but brief. For after two years I left—my departure, perhaps, being attended with more haste than dignity." After this delicious confession it is truly refreshing to read that you "cannot help thinking that there is room for improvement in our public school system." In view of the long roll of distinguished men who were trained for life's battle on the famous Hill, there is something very convincing in this sweeping criticism from a young person who was sent away after two years' idleness and wantonness, punctuated by many floggings.

After your abrupt departure from Harrow, you tell us how you went to Darmstadt to cram for the Army. You contrived to enhance the fair fame of your countrymen there by engaging in a brawl with butcher-boys, stealing a policeman's helmet, and being fined at the local police-court.

In process of time you went to the wars, and you tell us about your "baptism of fire" in your neat, ingenuous way: "The shot was fired by a wily Dervish sniping from behind a rock. Considering the range, he ought to have hit me. But I was trembling too much to make a good target, and he missed."

My good lord, if anyone else had written such things about you, no editor in the land would have dreamed of daring to print them.

Out of your own mouth, therefore, we draw our own conclusions about your fitness to legislate for the empire.

Finally, you are good enough to announce: "I am going to devote such years of life as may remain to me to the task (hopeless, I fear!) of attempting to reform the House of Commons."

Amiable senator, I fear very much that no one will be found bold enough to attempt the hopeless task of reforming *you*.

John Bull.

To Miss Millie Marsh, Home of Refuge, Leicester.

Dear Miss Marsh,—Now that you are in a Happy Home, I do trust you will be more careful in the future than in the past. Though found guilty of a very wicked piece of perjury, you have been bound over to come up for judgment, but I understand the Common Serjeant to say that if you behave yourself while you are at the Home, you will not be called upon to do so.

There are one or two things which I beg that you will remember. If you should be allowed out, remember that on meeting strange young men in the street it is not etiquette that you should speak as you pass by. Also remember that while telling stories is a widespread accomplishment, it is not regarded as ethical to tell them to the moral or material damage of other people.

Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain. A good name is better than precious ointment. Do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you. Be kind to them wot is kind to you. Also, when you go into service again, do not object if missus desires you should wear caps, and don't strike because followers are not allowed. In short, dear Miss Marsh, be a rather good girl for the rest of your life, for if you don't you will be sorry for it. Adieu.

John Bull.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.

"Miss Christabel Pankhurst advised her fellow-workers to get inside the Lobby, inside the House itself, to s't down next Sir Henry-Campbell Bannerman, and, if possible, to seize the Mace."—DAILY PAPER.

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WOMEN'S PLACE IN POLITICS.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM MRS. MONTEFIORE.

Dear Mr. John Bull,—

I have read with much interest your most lucid opening of the proposed debate on women's place in politics, and I feel grateful to you for throwing open your columns to some of us workers in the cause of humanity, who, feeling that "the woman's cause is man's," realise that until equality of opportunity between the sexes is established, progress and race evolution will not proceed on the right and true lines.

I note with pleasure, dear Mr. Bull, the alacrity with which you are setting in order your tumble-down, insanitary old cottage of sex privilege. The windows are being thrown open, the dust of centuries is being, at any rate swept into corners, and the cobwebs of the "unrocked cradle" and of the "dangers of depopulation" are fast disappearing before the all-pervading broom of suffragist agitation. But your spring clean is not nearly over yet, dear Mr. Bull; you have whole heaps more of old rubbish stowed away in out-of-the-way corners; any amount of old, worn-out, if treasured, clothing, and piles of cracked and useless china, which must be parted with before we can get the vacuum cleaner of twentieth century logic to do its work thoroughly. You are like all other men, and look upon an occasional spring-clean as the work of the devil. You are still boggling, I see, over the "logical consequences" of the reforms we women demand; and when you hear the pff—pff—pff—pff—pff of the suffragist vacuum cleaner coming down the street you begin to shiver under your broad-brimmed hat, and to talk of "grave difficulties arising." You even, in spite of your beef and beer diet, become prophetic, and you see in the dim and distant future a Mrs. J. B. sitting side by side with you in Parliament, summing up gravely on the Bench, and "possessing not only the right, but equally the obligation, to defend her country and its Empire." As this vision forces itself upon your waking dreams, you become, dear Mr. Bull—dare I write the unpleasant word?—almost a coward; and your impulse is to close up your windows in a hurry, and to go and hide your head and sob out your fears in some dark corner, hugging to your capacious, manly waistcoat the last precious remnants of sex-privilege, which the loathed spring-cleaners are trying to clear out.

"No, they shall not sit in our Parliament! No, no, no! There are insuperable disadvantages!" sobs poor, badgered, hysterical John Bull. And he even gets his beloved *Times* to write an article the day after the Bill for the removal of sex disabilities had been discussed in Parliament, in which that indigestible "daily" makes the misleading assertion that the passing of such a measure would be "committing ourselves to a step on which no European State has yet ventured"; totally ignoring the fact that in Finland women exercise the political vote, and are eligible to Parliament. As the vision of this all-pervading army of women, bent on a thorough overhauling of your untidy bachelor dwelling (even offering, if the Empire is in danger, to take their share in the clerical, commissariat, red cross, and other civil departments, in its defence), takes a clearer and more real form, you still, hoping to defer the evil day, offer gaspingly what you term "a *modus vivendi*, compatible alike with first principles and with practical statesmanship." You attempt in your desperation to bribe the advancing spring-cleaners with the use of one little attic room, in which they may scrub, and clear up, and vacuum clean to their hearts' content. "We propose further," you write, "that a third House of Parliament should be created to consist of these elected women. The exact powers to be granted to this third House in the first instance must, of course, be a matter of negotiation and of compromise."

No, dear Mr. Bull; we women did not start out on this spring-cleaning campaign in order to play around in that little attic room that you offer us. We are not taking any compromises to-day, though we may be open to negotiations. You remark that the proposed Woman Parliament "could, and doubtless would, direct its principal attention to subjects of special interest to women." Unfortunately, we do not recognise any such subjects; for we observe that all subjects discussed at present in your masculine Parliament interest and affect all human beings—*women included*. We note that women, equally with men, appear at times before the Bench; we learn from history that when an Empire is in danger women equally with men are likely to be sufferers. Neither do we recognise "an interminable and undignified conflict between the sexes"; though we note with regret men's unwillingness in England to share political privileges and responsibilities with their women-folk. As a woman, treasuring the memory of a father who developed and trained her for her life work, and of a husband with whom

she was privileged for a time to walk side by side through life; who looks into the eyes of a son, and encourages him to carry on in the future his share of work in the cause which is so dear to her—any talk of "an interminable and undignified conflict with men" is out of the question. And there are millions of women in the Empire awaiting their enfranchisement, in order that they may work side by side with the men they love and cherish, who feel just as I do on this subject.

Dear Mr. Bull, we know the process of spring-cleaning, after so many years of bachelor muddle, may be somewhat tedious and upsetting; but couldn't *you* go for a time into that little attic room, and keep out of the way whilst we are busy. We would make you very comfortable there; you should have the *Times* and your meals regularly, and Annie Kenney would see that your slippers were warmed and your clothes brushed.

Now do, like a dear man, be reasonable. . . . It won't take long, and won't be half so unpleasant as you think. . . . And then, after you have let us in everywhere, and we have had a good clean up all round, how nice, and fresh, and comfortable you will feel!

Yours, dear Mr. Bull, in the cause of humanity,
DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

Sir,—Your article is so charmingly logical and sensible that it came as a revelation to me. If we get votes, we at once get into Parliament—the writer contends. He evidently considers our being elected by men chiefly—as women would only form a small part of the electorate—the inevitable result. Then, he says we must be willing and able to defend our Empire. Why? Is no man allowed to vote in this country unless he has served in the Army or Navy, and fought for his country? Are the men in this country who cannot pass the physical standard required by our Army regulations prevented from voting? Do our members of Parliament lead our armies? What has fighting to do with voting qualifications? Is bearing children not more important than bearing arms? And regarding war itself, I consider sending one shipload of men away to fight with other men who have no quarrel with them a relic of barbarity and an absurd and absolutely stupid way of settling a dispute.

It is time we were becoming civilised and stopped killing each other like cavemen with skins, and stone axes, who were barbarians and absolutely uncivilised. It is a great pity people do not think. They seem to put all their ideas on with their birth clothes, and accept war as natural and inevitable, instead of evil, unnecessary, and absurd.

Your third house suggestion is quite brilliant. Could someone not work it into a comic opera or a silly season discussion? But why only a third House of Parliament? We must carry the idea out properly. We must have School Boards entirely of women, Town Councils entirely composed of women, Boards of Guardians entirely composed of women—all these bodies to legislate and administrate entirely for women and girls. Then we might as well go on, and finish it, and give Scotland to the women and England and Wales to the men, or vice-versâ. Why work together at all? Why live together at all if we have, as the writer of your article seems to think, no common interests, no common needs, no common laws?

Third House suggestions are amusing but scarcely to the point. Your women have souls with unlimited capacity for development—your women's interests are indissolubly bound up with yours—your women are not a race apart, but are human beings with human needs just as you are; your women bear you, and are the mothers of your children. Is it not time men stopped talking absurdities and airing prejudices, and gave women the right of representation that is theirs—allowed them to say what the laws they obey shall be, and what shall be done with the money they contribute?

HELEN FRASER.

Sir,—I have read your article, and, granting the existence of the difficulties and disadvantages which appear to you to be inseparable from the idea of accepting the citizenship of women on the same terms as that of men—then, the solution you offer is no doubt an ingenious attempt at arriving at a compromise. I do not accept these apparent difficulties and disadvantages as being insuperable.

In my opinion, most of the evils of the present day are the direct or indirect result of the unnatural separation of the sexes and of their interests, and I should not approve of any system which tended to perpetuate such conditions. I believe that the existence of the proposed "third house" would merely lead to greater difficulties and disadvantages than those which its institution is expected to prevent. On the other hand, I believe that the simple removal of all arbitrarily fixed sex barriers would lead naturally and easily, by degrees, to a harmonious result.

J. D. PEARCE.

VII.—HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

I have read the Human Document signed "A. D." Perhaps I can cheer him up by telling him my case. First a word about Religion; he must look at it in a philosophic spirit. It has always been, and will always be, a subject for controversy dividing the human race. The present world and how to make the best of it, provides quite enough employment for the keenest mind. If "A. D." has no anxiety about ways and means, and is not hopelessly afflicted, his prospects of ultimately pulling himself together and enjoying a comfortable and tranquil existence are a thousand times better than mine.

Who can tell me, or show me, some way of escape from the fear that, sooner or later, circumstances will break up my home and separate me from my invalid wife, whose love and devotion is the richest thing I possess?

My age is 37. I lost my hearing when I was five. The lapse of time has made me nearly dumb. I had a few months in a dame's school; no education worth the name. No business, no technical training, I have for years worked and fought hard to remedy these defects; so hard, in fact, that it has broken my health beyond hope of cure. Is this enough for "A. D."? There is more. Blindness is creeping over me, and with all this frightful load to carry, I must work and earn what I can mending shoes. It is a trade at which other men can earn a shilling while I am trying to earn threepence. In these rushing days the world does not stop to bestow much patronage on a tradesman who is so terribly handicapped. It is not long since I had a good business, and employed a working manager. Now he is working on his own, having taken the bulk of my connection. Such is the world.

My wife and I are like castaways on a vast ocean, the darkness creeping over the sky, and no friendly ship in sight.

Would "A. D." like to change places with me? He is welcome. Let him cheer up, and never say die.

Although my outlook has been so limited by affliction, I am quite free from narrow and bigoted ideas. I have no cranky, faddy notions, in fact, JOHN BULL expresses my mind more truly than any other journal.

My face almost touches the paper as I write, and, having regard to all the circumstances, you will not look too critically over what I have written.

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

(Mrs. Bull will be delighted to receive suggestions and contributions from our readers.)

Winter, after pitiful labourings, gives birth to the lusty, naked little babe of spring. Daffodils are out in the sun-favoured gardens, tulips soon will flaunt their looped-up crinolines. High above, larks sing, welcoming their mates, the afternoon and spring. Between all wood creatures is there a great asking, a great reply, the giving and accepting of great gifts.

Marie Corelli in the Pulpit.

With the coming of the young year Father Vaughan has been at it again. I trust those of my readers who sit beneath his pulpit in Farm Street of a Sunday will not be carried away by his perfervid but wrong-headed eloquence.

Recently he has told us that women lavish too much care and devotion upon pet dogs. There may be exceptional cases in which money is unduly wasted on pets which may be profitably spent elsewhere, but the love of dumb animals on the part of women is infinitely more harmless and productive of less mischief than would be their adoration of their Father Confessor.

Father Vaughan has also compared men who die, having devoted their lives to selfish pleasures, to the thief upon the cross. It seems to me that however selfish and reprehensible such lives may be, they are, indeed, more natural and, therefore, more to be commended than the useless ascetic, monastic ideal inculcated by the Church to which Father Vaughan owes allegiance.

But it is when the reverend Father talks of women that he betrays his unfathomable lack of Christian charity. He condemns women, that are, assuredly, God's greatest works of art, for the wholesome and very proper restriction of their families. As a rich man and a celibate, he may, perhaps, urge that the looker-on is the best judge of the subject; but with the strenuous lives which women lead, the incessant bearing and rearing of children becomes a yearly increasing tax upon their already overstrained nervous systems. Had Father Vaughan his way, and the reckless flow of population were to be unstayed, the world would soon be peopled with weaklings, invalids and lunatics. Even were healthy children reared in ever-increasing numbers, the struggle for bread would be such that capitalists would hold working-men and women still more at their pitiless mercy. Is this, then, a consummation devoutly to be wished?

The Nonconformist Conscience.

The Nonconformist conscience is ever prating of the purity of its ideals, but, as is often the case, so-called purity is another word for nastiness. The following is an illustration:—

A friend of mine was invited to a Nonconformist function largely attended by the youth of both sexes. Dancing was tabooed because of its immoral suggestions, but what do you think took its place? Why, nothing else but kissing games, which afforded continual excuse for repeated osculatory exercises.

The Figure.

The figure has altered greatly of late years, and has lost much of its loveliness. Sport has all to do with this, we may conjecture. Old folk tell us of how, long and long ago, the woman who could rest her head on her breasts was considered, for the performance of this one feat alone, a beauty. One rather wonders what those ample-breasted women would think could they see their plank-chested descendants. Children of those days brought their sleepy troubles to soft-fleshed nursing-knees. What would they say, think you, of the muscular, knotted leg of the modern mother?

Lavender.

What woman does not lay her pretty underfrocks in lavender? Those country-dwellers who have a patch to spare in the herb bed may now plant young shoots of the Lavender spica, which is the distilling variety and of perfect scent. The shoots should be firmly imbedded in sandy soil, and in sweet-mouthed June the flowers will be ready either to distil for the handkerchief or to dry for linen chest or cupboard.

A Future Fashion.

Since learning from a scientific journal that a woman's age may be divined by the pulse-beats at her wrist, I have refused to shake hands with any of my friends. I hear a rumour—possibly unfounded—that wide chain-mail bracelets are to be the fashion, the keys of which, I understand, will *not* be handed over to intending husbands, but be kept in the steel burglar-proof safe of the family solicitor.

Plovers' Eggs.

The King has already received the first clutch of the plovers' eggs, and children may be seen in certain low-lying marsh lands searching for the little speckled green treasures. Since many of the Norfolk broads and marsh places, which are the principal English homes of the peewit, have been, as I think, closed by their owners for seemingly useless purposes, plover eggs come in far greater quantities than formerly from the flats of Holland and the sheep-lands of Spain.

Egg-seekers who find a peewit's nest in which the eggs rest point to point, will not disturb them, knowing that these are the last the bird will lay, and that she has so formed them to make a sitting-place on which she may comfortably rest and happily wait.

Although plovers' eggs are used principally for salads and cold dishes, I will tell you how to make a very simple yet excellent hot dish out of them. Boil ten eggs until they are hard, lay them for a moment in cold water, then peel them, scoop out the yolks whole, and shred the whites. Now make three-quarters of a pint of Béchamel sauce, to which you must add a little finely-chopped parsley, and when the sauce is very hot put the yolks of the eggs into the centre of a dish and the shreds of the whites about them; pour the sauce upon the whole and garnish with puff paste leaves or fried croûtons, and you will have a dish sufficient for two or three persons.

Lamb.

Little sheep are about in quiet fields and—upon the table. The Southdown, known by its black feet, is the choicest breed for eating, and those that have been exclusively suckled on the milk of the parent ewe are, undoubtedly, the most delicately flavoured. As lamb, from the juicy nature of its flesh, is liable to spoil in unfavourable weather, it should constantly be wiped with a cloth, thus removing any moisture that may form upon it.

In buying lamb for the table there are signs by which you will be able to tell if the animal has been, as it should be, lately slaughtered. First, then, the dilated eyes should have a bright appearance; the jugular vein at the neck will show a blue ruddiness if the forequarter is of first-rate quality, while the firmness of the kidney and the rigidity of the knuckle, will answer for a perfect condition of the hind-quarter.

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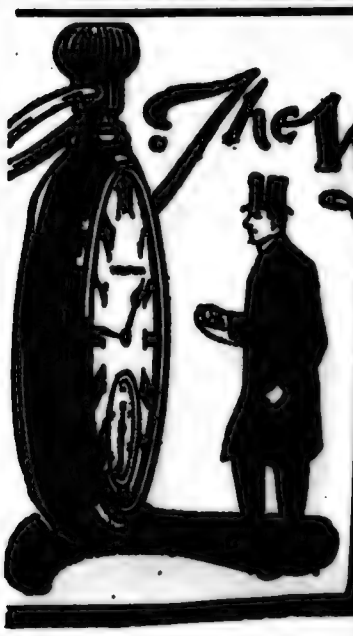

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

"SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION."

Mr, Herbert Beerbohm Tree is very much in the public eye just now. Always during the past twenty years his name and work have been kept sedulously under the common notice. For Mr. Tree is our smartest theatrical manager, as well as our most interesting actor. He knows that, unless you tell people you are great, or get others to tell them so, they will never believe it—even if you are. Mr. Tree is a modest man, as modest men go in these days. So that not he, but others, have sounded his praises with continuous and oft delirious note ever since he assumed the control of the Haymarket Theatre in 1887, and became the most militant of actor-managers. If Mr. Tree but chanced to scratch his head in meditation, forthwith Mr. Raymond Blathwayt wrote a masterly article on head-scratching as a means to the profounder thought among great tragedians—with incidental allusion to Mr. Tree's familiar habit. Mr. Blathwayt I cite here and now simply and solely as a beautiful example of that pulsing solicitude for another's welfare which has characterised so many London Pressmen in their writings about Mr. Tree.

THE PRESS AND THE ACTOR.

No other actor, not Irving himself—the first English manager to reckon "publicity" at its true value, and to organise it scientifically—has ever been pushed in the Press more assiduously than Mr. Tree. Press light is as indispensable to actors as limelight. I am part of the Press myself. Once upon a time Mr. Tree sent me a Christmas card. In the corner was a nice little *green* tree. I smiled; and the smile and the Christmas card remain with me to this day. In saying all this, I am not trying nor meaning to be funny at Mr. Tree's expense. Mr. Tree and I are very old and very good friends. We understand one another; and he understands even better than I the age in which we live. "The shouting and the tumult," unfortunately, do not die down in these very hustling days of ours; they persist and grow louder. Mr. Tree enjoys them, or pretends that he does so. If I did not know his origin, I should have been inclined to regard him as some sort of special creation: the scientifically-made man—spontaneous combustion and perpetual motion incarnate. Yet, all the time, Mr. Tree remains the artist and the idealist. Only the body—the business man—talks in italics and large head-lines; his spirit loathes the chains of commerce and the tricks of the trade. The soul of Mr. Tree soars like the proverbial bird o' freedom; even its physical covering lives in a dome, high up above the sordid ways of traffic.

THE CONVERSION OF A CRITIC.

I believe I am one of the very few English critics of the drama who regard Mr. Tree as a great actor. In a mild way I have been saying that he is this in various places for a good many years past. Some of my charmingly cock-sure confrères grin when we edge upon this delicate subject. They talk unwisely of "newspaper-made reputations." But Mr. Tree's reputation—with me, at all events—was not made by the newspapers. Returning from abroad, after many years' absence, I chanced on an old London friend. We did the Haymarket together; and we saw Svengali. I had heard generally of Mr. Tree before; I had seen him now and then, and been interested. I came back to him after a wide knowledge of the best actors in Europe. And Svengali convinced me that Mr. Tree was not only a great actor, but in eccentric character perhaps the greatest actor in Europe, certainly the greatest in England. Irving, then in his decline, failed, as ever, to impress me as a supreme master of acting; I admired him always as an acute thinker and the most scholarly of our leading players. I was astounded by Mr. Tree. If he has not electrified me so much by any subsequent performance—I do not think he has—I have found in his art an unfailing source of interest and pleasure. In seven years at the Haymarket he produced 35 plays, mostly modern and by English authors. I think I have seen everything he has done since, and what a splendid list it is! His Malvolio alone were enough to make the fame of any actor, but it stands far from solitary in the history of the past ten years at His Majesty's Theatre; it is of a group of nearly three-score widely differing types.

TREE'S LATEST DRUMMER.

We will not fight over again the question of Shakespeare plain or Shakespeare coloured. The public have decided that point in favour of Mr. Tree; and no one can doubt that the Tree revivals have led many Londoners to read the plays of the greatest of the Elizabethans. The controversy referred to has helped rather than hindered Mr. Tree's success, and the secret story of the long battle would set London roaring with merriment for a year. One of the hottest of Mr. Tree's opponents in the earlier days was Mr.

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J. T. Grein, the Anglo-Dutch-Jewish gentleman who writes for the *Sunday Times*, and has some connection with the Congo Free State. Mr. Tree and Mr. Grein were wont to slang one another freely in the cheaper papers. To-day Mr. Grein is a sort of uncommercial traveller for Mr. Tree, and arranges German seasons of Shakespearian revivals for him in Berlin. All of which and many other things give ample evidence that Mr. Tree has a way with him—a very nice way when he likes. His art, like his commercial methods, is far from the Simple Life. Its popularity is surprising; for it is the sort of art that appeals primarily to artists rather than to the crowd—the art of complicated and significant detail. In this respect Mr. Tree is the most characteristieally modern of our actors.

THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.

The old actors, like the old novelists, played for a broad effect. The new actors and the new novelists build up with meticulous care from an infinite number of little touches. The old style was the better suited to the less complex days of our fathers; the new style seems to fit more naturally into a treatment of the excessively self-conscious people among whom we live. An elderly actor once said to me: "Tree takes five and twenty minutes and ninety-two different gestures to turn a door-knob." But the up-to-date connoisseur does not mind how long a time or how many gestures he takes, so long as he does it well. More marvellous to say, the connoisseur has at last convinced the bulk of the commercial critics, and through them the mass of the playgoers, that this is the true line of judgment. The mob has been told so often that it must like Tree that it has come actually to like him. "The Red Lamp" and "The Van Dyck," now in the bill at His Majesty's Theatre, offer fine examples of the Tree method in full working order; and no one possessed of the beginnings of an artistic sense can see his Demetrius without admitting that the extraordinarily elaborative means may be made to produce a tremendously effective result.

"DON'T BANG THE DOOR."

One is tempted to say much of the personality of Mr. Tree off the stage—outside the theatre. For he is a singularly agreeable man to meet—full of good stories and sparkling wit and kindly feeling. Most of the stories told of him, curiously enough, suggest the contrary. "Don't bang the door as you go out!" is his reported comment on the demand of a certain actor for a ridiculously large salary. Probably the yarn is true; for Mr. Tree has a lively temper and a bitter tongue for those who, as the paragraphs say, "fail to attract." Mrs. Brown-Potter told me once—but that is another story, so is Mr. Lewis Waller's, and with several companions of like quality they must await the posthumous publication of my "Memories of the London Theatres." The heart of Mr. Tree, however, is open always to the appeal of melting charity; and his reign at His Majesty's is a benevolently despotic survival of magnificent feudalism. It is a unique theatre in many ways; the largest in the world run by a single individual.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OXFORD?

Yet the Man at the Top is not bowed down by his responsibilities, or puffed up by the flatulence of a sycophant Press. I met him one day in Pall Mall, whistling a classic air. "I'm just back from Oxford," he began. "Ah," I replied, "it does one good to go down and renew one's youth occasionally." "Renew one's youth, be hanged," rejoined Mr. Tree, "*I* was the youngest person in Oxford. And d'ye know," he winked, "I believe towards the end of my stay, I'd begun to *infect* the beggars. *The Oxford men are born too old*, that's what's the matter with 'em!" Mr. Tree ought to know, for his elderly-youthful brother "Max" was at Oxford. His second brother (or stepbrother), Julius, who died lately, was as remarkable a man as either of the better-known couple. He wrote good verse and did bad business.

"THE HAND OF DESTINY."

If there had been no conscription in Germany Mr. Tree would probably have been a German subject to-day—his father had conscientious scruples about compulsory military service. Then Mr. Tree would have been unable (with the co-operation of Mr. Grein, Mr. Stead, the Kaiser, and the Almighty) to assist as a Briton of the Britons in the latest movement for cementing an Anglo-German entente. As it is, German by race, an Englishman by choice, a Frenchman by instinct, Mr. Tree is distinctly one of the most picturesque figures in present-day London. His phenomenal success is a signal triumph of genius and hard work over prejudice, of mind over matter. "A purring volcano," remarked a leading lady to me at a Tree rehearsal one afternoon, indicating Mr. Tree out of the tail of her eye. There was inspiration in the phrase.

P.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That R. J. Campbell intends to drop his first initial.

.....

That there will be a big demonstration of Suffragettes on April 1st.

.....

That the Scotch landlords are beginning to "grouse."

.....

That to cultivate a natural blush, society ladies read the *Pink 'Un*.

.....

That the Salvationists on board the *Suevic* were anxious to be "saved."

.....

That the Premier is looking forward to the future with resignation.

.....

That Civil Servants are so-called because they are so.

.....

That Jim Crow has bound himself over to "keep the pieces" in future.

.....

That the term "flat-racing" is derived from the class of people who indulge in it.

.....

That John Burns' Court attire is laid up in a Lavender Garden.

Major Baden-Powell says that the flying-machine has come to stay. Of course, it can't get away.

An *Evening News* advertisement says: "Bath for sale, 10s., or exchange *for anything useful*." Comment would be superfluous.

Detectives disguised as scavengers recently arrested a street bookie making bets. They were gathering in the dust, and so was he.

JOHN BULL'S EASTER EGGS:—

To Mr. Birrell, a Pat on the back.
To *Punch*, a penn'orth o' Bull's-eyes.
To Mr. Pearson, a mare's nest, found on Westminster Bridge.
To Lord W. Nevill, two bits of coke.
To the L.C.C. Finance Committee, a ready-reckoner.
To Lord Charles Beresford, the command of the Channel Tunnel.
To Inspector Arrow, a castle in Spain.
To Mr. Haldane, an "Ah me!" (small sighs).
To the *Daily Mail*, a little kite.
To Mr. Balfour, a tee-caddie.
To Cousin Jonathan, a speedy Frost.
To the Suffragettes, a vote.
To Lord Roberts, the post of "Ranger."
To the King of Spain, a little sun and air.
To Lord Elgin, John Burns, Keir Hardie, Winston Churchill, and others, a pair of the Premier's old shoes apiece.
To his many friends in the Colonies, the March number of JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS.

The member who went for Mr. Balfour in the House the other evening was called Hunt. He was hounded on by several Tories.

According to the *Express*, Dutch art, songs, and shoes are becoming more and more popular in this country. What of the Dutch cheese, Dutch courage, and the "old Dutch"?

PARLIAMENTARY PROVERBS:—

.....

Statesmen are born, politicians are manufactured.

.....

The voice is the voice of the Minister, but the words are the words of the Permanent Official.

.....

There's many a slip, 'tis a well-proved fact,
'Twixt the juvenile *Bill* and the full-fledged *Act*.

.....

It is often more profitable to criticise your friends than your opponents.

.....

The road to dissolution is paved with by-elections.

SOME DEFINITIONS:—

Razor.—A blade; a gay dog; a toy plough.
Reason.—The prerogative of dogs.
Reward.—An unnatural form of virtue.
Secret.—Something everybody tells everybody else.
"Spooney."—Bilious; livery.
Tongue.—A female organ.
Umbrella.—An appliance for pouring water down other people's backs.
Virgin.—An unmarried lady.
Virago.—A female warrior—a married woman.
Yes.—See No.

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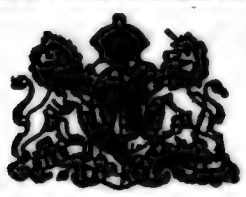

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LIPTON'S TEAS

THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

A writer to the *Express* asks, "What the violent section of woman's suffragists have up their sleeves." We suggest, arms.

One of the parties in the Russian Duma is styled "the Octobrists." Followers of John Burns might be called "the Nov-embers."

Lord Strathcona says that two-thirds of the women who emigrate to Canada become wives. Suffragettes please note.

A tramp at Rollesby (Norfolk) on being offered work, replied that he had done without it for forty years, and was not going to begin. A Unionist, evidently, with conservative ideas.

A strange anomaly we see,
For though they win or lose,
The men in either 'Varsitee,
Are sure to have the "blues."

The county forces to be raised under the proposed Army scheme have been nicknamed the "Terrors." No doubt some of them will be frights.

"A boon to the rich, and a blessing to the poor. Our marvellous paper blankets, 8d. and 10d. each," reads an advertisement. Here is a chance for the new London County Council to air its economy.

According to a contemporary, "A soldier who is singing cannot be grumbling." Quite true; Tommy Atkins never makes a song about his little grievances.

£2,000 has been paid for a carnation. It must be the pink of perfection.

A Connecticut thief has stolen sixty comic operas. If he can be found a testimonial from a grateful public will be presented to him.

"Music is dead," says Dr. Reich. Murdered, of course.

According to Mrs. Barnett, "Guardians are the slaves of a system." Exactly; assist 'em is what they are for.

"Kensington in Arms," reads a heading in the *Daily News*. We trust there will be no Gore.

Sing a song of ex-pense, a supper for the high,
Fourteen years of innocence buried in a pie.
When the pie was opened, the guests enjoyed a sight,
A pretty sort of "blackbird" to put before a White.

Miss Christabel Spankhurst says, "Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman threw cold water on our Bill, and we will throw cold water on his supporters." But why not make it hot for them?

"What is the proper allowance for an undergraduate?" asks the *Crown*. Ask Keir Hardie.

Hymn for barristers: "Brief life is here our portion."

A debtor told Judge Willis that there was a bill of sale on his bed. Perhaps it was written on small sheets.

The Bishop of Liverpool has just experienced his first accident in his presentation motor-car. We shall now be glad to hear whether his lordship believes more in faith or works.

Though the new rules have not been many months in operation, Colonel Lockwood, M.P., wants the House to adjourn half an hour for dinner. He evidently believes in chop and change.

The late Shah's gems have been valued at £10,000,000. May we respectfully inquire whether there is any British coal among them?

The *Star* says the Progressives must fight for their ideals "in the collar work of the committees." But will there be anything to collar?

A Bethnal Green barber announces "Gentlemen's hair cut, City style, 3d.; ordinary style, 2d." When finished, all the twopenny customers have to say is one D——.

Miss Barker, addressing the National Health Society recently, compared babies to protoplasm, and then to monkeys. The kids are in arms about it.

The Bishop of Worcester, in an address at Dudley, said that he was "in a sense a burglar, since he desired to steal away their sins." Wouldn't a Burglary Insurance agent be better?

A Pittsburg astronomer predicted a great sunspot due on March 1, and said that unless it disintegrated, electric disturbances would be caused. On March 2nd the L.C.C. elections took place.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[John Bull *replies to some of his numerous correspondents.*]

J. H. (Burnham).—We have gone very carefully through your correspondence, and we think luck has been against you. It is, however, ill-fighting against the heads of a public department in which you are serving. You will remember St. Paul's injunction to those who find themselves among the pricks. Upon the merits of your case, we think Mr. Silcock, M.P., puts the case well and justly in his letter to you, and you cannot do better than follow his advice. We return your papers under cover.

J. W. R. (Hounslow) writes, under date of March 12th, that he sent a copy of No. 1 of John Bull Over-Seas to a friend in Australia, who had cabled back an expression of his delight. We can quite understand it. To get an English paper over in less than three weeks would indeed delight any colonial's heart.

A. R. (London).—Thanks for *Evening News* cutting. "Halloa! Halloa!! Halloa!!!"

H. E. H. F. (Hammersmith).—Thanks for letter and cuttings, but we are not a society journal.

N. T. (Knightsbridge).—John Bull already *has* the largest sale of any paper in the world. Didn't you know that?

Mr. E. D. Morel sends us a copy of his pamphlet on the Congo Tragedy, entitled "How long are we to wait?" Probably until the Government has finished its urgent work of closing public-houses on Sundays, dealing with little bookmakers, abolishing barmaids, and other matters of supreme imperial importance.

T. A. B. (Bakewell).—We must not be too hard on our contemporaries for little slips of that kind. They occur even in our own columns sometimes.

M. M. (Camberwell).—Perhaps you will like the new Mrs. Bull better. We change her now and then—but only, of course, in an editorial sense.

A. E. S. (Exeter).—We agree with you in mistrusting the Socialists and Puritans, but what makes you think Lord Rosebery is going to overthrow them?

E. L. V. N. (Dublin) quotes from the *Irish Times*: "King Edward passed the greater part of the day in work. His Majesty went for a walk before lunch and for a motor drive in the afternoon." That's the sort of work we like.

"Cynicus" (London, E.).—Glad you like John Bull Over-Seas. You are very kind, but we won't rob you of the beautiful present offered you by the Observatory Watch and Jewellery Company.

E. A. W. (Isle of Ely) wants a biscuit for a doctor who advertised in the *Ely Standard*: "Boy wanted to do errands and keep in the house." But surely "keep" is good Cambridgeshire for "live." We have heard of young men occupying a "keeping-room" at the Cambridge Colleges.

C. A. S. (Clissold Park) has a friend who sent 2s. 9d. and a photograph to be reproduced on picture post-cards by "T.I.P., the instructive pennyworth, controlled by Fred S. Hilditch, 6, Whitefriars Street, Fleet Street, E.C." On enquiry, he found that Hilditch had not been heard of for weeks, and only rented a share of a furnished office. What a bad T.I.P.!

W. J. B. (Cinderford) sends a cutting from *Good Words*. It contains a picture of the village of Goodrich, with the remark that "the inn and church are side by side and very similar in appearance. Can you discover which is which?" We frankly confess we can't. But W. J. B. knows Goodrich, and says the church is 200 yards away from the inn. The buildings in the picture are two parts of the inn. No wonder the landlord used bad words.

"Benedick" (Leeds) was married six months ago. His wife has now received a circular from "Hartmann's Depôt," 26, Thavies Inn, Holborn Circus, London, offering her a "guinea outfit for accounchement." They say "you will naturally appreciate the delicacy which prevents a description of our goods in public print, and it is for this reason we adopt the method of bringing our manufactures before the notice of married ladies by means of a circular sent in a closed envelope, bearing a penny stamp and marked 'private,' which we find does not cause any inconvenience." "Delicacy," indeed. We disapprove of violence, but if Benedick will kick Hartmann, we will gladly go bail.

H. H. C. (Fulham).—Consider yourself appointed Poet Laureate.

C. J. O. E. (Bridgend).—The German W is certainly pronounced like our V. Your friend was pulling your leg.

L. H. G. (Stoke Newington) sends special congratulations to Jim Crow on the excellence of our production! Why to Jim Crow? L. H. G. wants to know Jim's opinion about allowing sports in the parks on Sundays. Jim is thinking of getting up a petition to the County Council on the subect. We are glad to observe such broad-mindedness as that of Mr. Elliman in the terms of his recent gift to Slough.

J. P. (Bristol) informs us of the latest move on the part of the Brahmo Lever Watch Company. They declare that they "have no connection with any concern in this or any other line of business." This we can well believe, as no other firm would desire to be connected with them. They go on to offer £100 "to anyone proving that they do not do absolutely as they state." 'M yes, but what do they state?

G. H. M. (Whitchurch) calls our attention to a fine of 25s. imposed upon two colliers for refusing to leave a tram when ordered to do so on the ground that their clothing was calculated to cause injury to the cushions and annoyance to the other passengers. The point is that this particular tram was a workman's one. The sentence seems a bit hard, and we would suggest that to get over the difficulty workmen's trams should not have cushions, and that people dressed in fine clothing should not ride in them.

W. J. S. (Johannesburg) sends us a copy of a notice he has publicly issued, offering a reward of £100 for "information which will lead to the arrest, conviction, and *sentence to a term of not less than three years' imprisonment*" of certain parties, who are alleged to have been guilty of fraudulent misappropriation. A very ingenious offer.

"A READER," who writes "c.o. Waring and Gillow," is desirous of obtaining a loan of about £5, interest not to exceed 4½ per cent. per annum. Why not apply to his employers—they are rolling in money just now.

J. W. W. (Islington).—Thanks for letter and enclosures in reference to the Flower Girls' Mission.

D. T. J. (Camden Town).—We know nothing of Clayton's, of 34, The Minories. We are not an encyclopædia.

T. M. (Reading) sends us an advertisement from the *Swindon Herald* for a man as labourer, "to see to the ducks, chickens, and ferrets; hours, 8 to 5, with two hours for dinner; wages £1 a week, with occasional presents of money, eggs, cigars, rabbits, milk, whiskey, and firewood; no work on Sundays, Bank Holidays, Saturday afternoons, or wet days, but for which wages are always paid in full; one thing required will be not to worry about others employed on the property, but to make himself happy.—Write, as to age, etc., to "Advertiser," *Herald* Office, Swindon." If JOHN BULL does not come out any more, our readers will know that we have secured the job.

J. D. P. (Aberdare).—Not being deaf ourselves, we have no personal knowledge of the merits of the Keith-Harvey system.

L. M. (Shoreditch) wants to know whether "England's Glory" matches are made by the Salvation Army. We really do not know. We hope, however, that whoever makes them will use up all the brimstone before we die.

COCK ROBIN (Manchester) asks, "Are we civilised?" and proceeds to argue and to demonstrate that the answer is in the negative. We hope no one will kill Cock Robin.

A. Mc. S. (Dundee) agrees with W. C. R., who recently wrote us that our moral tone is low, and he instances our reference in "Bull's Eyes" to the Australian lady cricketers. He thinks we are "hitting below the belt." We can understand a Scotchman objecting to such a thing, but to suggest that we would hit a lady—and in such a spot—'oot mon!

E. W. A. (Ealing) received an intimation from a local Salvation Army officer, enclosing an appeal for the "Self-denial week," and stating that he "proposed to venture to call upon him one evening." E. W. A. replied advising him not to embark upon that venture.

W. J. B. (London).—We do not think it can be truly said that the State, as the State, "contributes to the upkeep of the Church," but the State affords it many privileges, and the question of the use which is made of ecclesiastical funds requires full investigation.

L. C. (Matlock) is down on the Bishops and the Church "as by law established." Hear, hear. He tells of an auctioneer selling a living, and concluding as follows:—"Going, gentlemen, in the name of God the Father—going, in the name of God the Son—gone, in the name of God, the Holy Ghost." Very blasphemous, and highly reprehensible.

T. L. (London) sent an advertisement, warning people against Hair Quacks, to the *Daily Mail*, and paid £2 14s. for its insertion. It did not, however, appear, and in the end T. L. had his money returned, the advertisement having "been accepted in error." T. L. has nothing to sell, and anyone who would like to know "how to obtain for a few pence at any chemists what now costs many shillings—perhaps pounds" should send 3d. for his book to Mr. Little, 4, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.

A. W. (Liverpool).—Sorry you had such a bad time at the Hotel Metropole, Las Palmas. Try an English resort next time. Our climate has many drawbacks—but no mosquitoes.

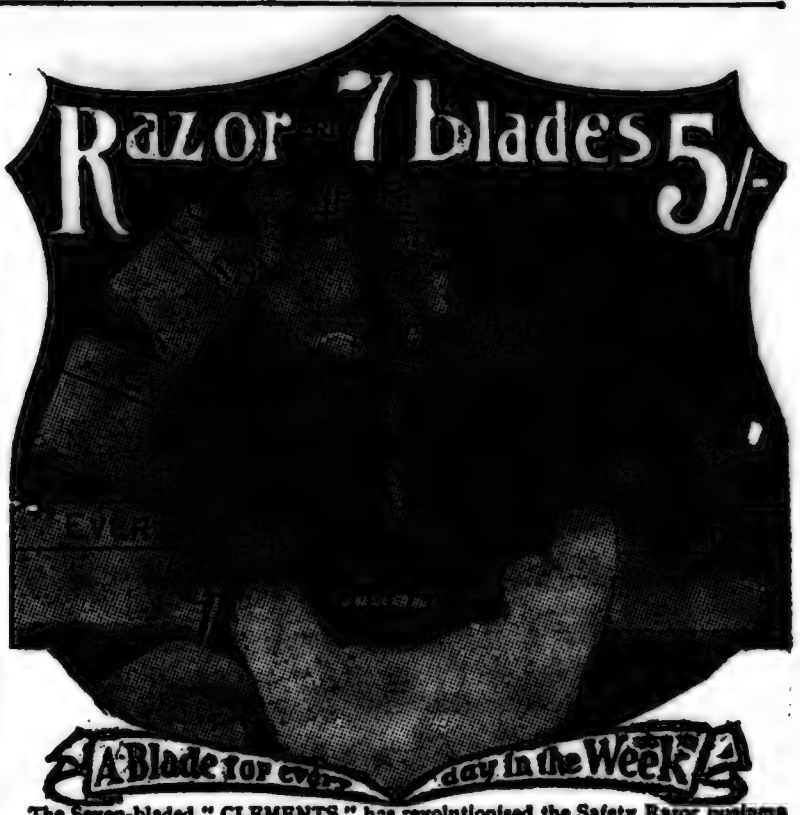
E. A. D. (Manchester).—Unless you have a considerable connection amongst investors, the Stock Exchange will be no good to you.

A. D. (Birmingham) must be a very new reader of JOHN BULL, or he would not be asking our opinion of the Brahmo Lever Watch Swindlers.

"FREAMO" (Bristol) wishes to know whether "Leave that parcel there, William; It is finished with" is correct grammar. We see nothing very dreadful about the sentence except that the capital letter should not follow the semicolon, and that "finished with" is not very pure English, any more than it would be to say "It is begun with."

F. G. R. B. (Shanklin) tells us that our reference to his recent complaint about the Isle of Wight railway service has been warmly taken up by the local Press. So that's all right.

A GROUP OF READERS, signing themselves "Laborites," wish to know our opinion upon whether women should be Poor Law guardians. Of course they should—and happily have long been so. It seems to us just the sort of public work that women can advantageously be engaged in.



The Seven-bladed "CLEMENTS" has revolutionised the Safety Razor business of the world. Scientific machinery has made the Guinea "Safety" of yesterday a Five-shilling razor to-day.

We've dared to fix a retail price that meant a "square deal." Clements' Safety Razor sets are complete at Five Shillings. Seven perfect blades—a nickel silver safety frame and stropping handle, all in a compact little case.

It's the safest safety razor in history. Everybody becomes an expert barber, with the first shave—IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CUT THE FACE.

Clements' blades are guaranteed to the limit—they are the keenest, finest tempered, and easiest shaving of all razor blades. They can be STROPPED like the ordinary razor, and will last for years. For those desirous of doing away with re-honing and re-sharpening, WE WILL EXCHANGE SEVEN NEW BLADES FOR SEVEN DULL ONES AND 1/6.

SHOULD YOU ALREADY HAVE A SAFETY and be bothered with sharpening, buy our blades—they will fit your safety frame. Price 6/6 per dozen, post free. We will always exchange a dozen dull blades for a dozen brand new ones at 2/6, a dozen post free. Send for free booklet.

SEND POSTAL ORDER FOR 5/-, mentioning "JOHN BULL," and receive your set prepaid, from

CLEMENTS' RAZOR CO., BILLITER ST. LONDON.

CAN BE SEEN AT CLEMENTS' RAZOR DEPOTS
99, STRAND (under Savoy Hotel). 127, HIGH HOLBORN.
42, OLD BROAD STREET. 41, GRACECHURCH STREET.
40, MOORGATE STREET. 16, LONDON STREET, E.C.
59, FLEET STREET. 45, QUEEN VICTORIA ST.

IS THE IDEAL
SHAVING SOAP

—and British made. You will find it superior to the best American brands, and used regularly it prevents roughness and smarting of the skin.

After moistening your face with warm water apply "SHAVALLO" direct. Then a whisk or two of the moistened brush produces a firm creamy lather that softens the beard immediately, and renders shaving altogether more comfortable and refreshing.

"SHAVALLO" is in a neat Ivorine case that enables you to apply it direct with ease.

SOLD BY HAIRDRESSERS & CHEMISTS, 1/- per stick.

A stick will be forwarded direct for 1/1 if you cannot obtain "SHAVALLO" in your district.

JOHN KNIGHT, Ltd. (Dept. C), Soap Makers to the King, Royal Primrose Soap Works, LONDON, E.

10,000 YEARS AGO

Men wore clothing of some sort, but never before in the history of the world has man been able to clothe himself so smartly and economically as he can to-day through us. Our **21/- Suits to Measure** (valued by our customers at £3 3s.) are a triumph of value.

SUITS to Measure, 21/-, 27/6, 32/6.
TROUSERS to Measure, 6/-, 8/-, 9/6.

The suits are made from reliable and handsome Tweeds, Worsteds, and Vicunas. **Send a Postcard for Patterns, forwarded free, and carriage paid.** Together with patterns, we will send you our fashion plate of latest designs, booklet containing a long list of absolutely unsolicited testimonials from gratified clients all over the world, tape measure and self-measure form, whereby you may measure yourself as accurately as any tailor. You take your measure to our instructions; we guarantee a perfect fit, or refund the amount of your money in full. Our Terms are: Satisfaction Given or money returned.

CURZON BROS., World's Measure Tailors (Dept. 151), 60 & 62, City Road, Finsbury, London, E.C.

THE
NEW CRY of the CHILDREN
IS FOR BREAD

HOVIS
(TRADE MARK)

IS
THE BEST BREAD

Experience confirms

It
Gives strength and maintains it
Begets energy and conserves it
AND
IS AS APPETISING AS NOURISHING

N.B.—Hovis is NOT a puffy, spongy bread, but a delicate textured, wholesome loaf, free from all adulteration, and absolutely Pure.

The Hovis Bread-Flour Co., Ltd.,
Macclesfield.

E. S. (Catford).—Thanks for cutting, but it is hardly suitable for a biscuit—in a family paper! We know nothing about the conditions of "Living-in," or staying-out, at Peter Robinson's. No complaints have reached us.

W. G. H. (East Ham).—Thanks for putting us right about the "trog." "Brag" was it? Glad you didn't write "Letter Bug."

E. K. L. (Bradford).—Sorry we have not room for your interesting letter. Glad you approve of the stand we are making for a more robust and manly policy.

JOSEPHUS (Glasgow) sends us a pre-historic chestnut about cows not flying. But it was a bird, Josephus, not a bee.

H. H. (Kentish Town).—If you can prove by medical evidence that the optic nerve has really gone, and Madame Pomie, of the "Ophthalmic Institute, Fitzroy Square," is still taking money for treating your friend, you can make it hot for her. But you must be sure of your ground.

H. H. (Leeds).—The reason we "dropped back" to 24 pages was that our present plant is not capable of grappling with 32 in time for the trade. Remember, we give a good cover as well. Glad you won your bet, all the same. The least you can do is to take an extra copy. The shares are now at a big premium. Got any?

B. S. (Forest Gate) takes up the cudgels on behalf of the Nutriola Co., and refers us to a certificate given in 1905 by "His Britannic Majesty's Consul"—at Chicago! The name of this gentleman is Finn. Sounds a bit fishy.

E. R. (Clapton) calls our attention to a letter in the *Daily News* from the Rev. Edward Canney, Rector of St. Peter's, Saffron Hill, directing attention to the high price charged by the Salvation Army in connection with its shelters—and fully confirming our recent statements. Mr. Canney goes so far as to say that a charge of 5d. for a night's shelter is a scandal, and closes his letter with the following pertinent question: "What has the Salvation Army to say to this? It asks for charity on all hands ceaselessly. What does it do with the immense amounts it receives? How much really goes to the relief of the destitute poor?"

T. H. (Deal).—The book in question has long been out of print.

H. L. (Manchester).—Thanks for cutting. We have applied to the Salvation Army for the "Balance Sheet and Statement of Accounts."

"PHYNNE" (Blackburn).—Mr. Heinemann publishes the book you refer to.

"POSTCARDS" (Holloway) sends us another complaint about the "Scottish Photographic Touring and Pictorial Postcard Co., of 74, Broomielaw, Glasgow, and Euston Road, London." On November 9th he paid 3s. for a dozen photo cards of his house, obtaining an official receipt. Delivery was promised in about 14 days, but our correspondent has not yet received then, his letters eliciting merely the promise that his order "shall be despatched as soon as possible." It must be a profitable game. But a bit dangerous.

A. T. H. (Swansea) tells us an amusing tale concerning a specimen of a numerous tribe which infests newspaper offices—the man who says he is walking round the world, or doing some other great feat, for a wager. The individual in question showed the usual book of signatures, certifying to his visit to different towns, and said that his walk was the result of a huge wager between Lord Lonsdale and somebody else. He announced his intention of walking to Cardiff to take boat for the States. When next heard of he was at Newport, en route for Liverpool, for the same ostensible purpose. Six weeks later he was at Nottingham, with a wife—he was wifeless at Swansea. When he left Swansea he was seen into a train, but on arrival at Cardiff, told a reporter he had tramped all the way. Our correspondent says Lord Lonsdale denies the wager story. These athletic cranks—genuine or otherwise—serve at least one good purpose—they break the monotonous toil of the sub-editors.

J. R. S. (London W.C.) complains of a postcard firm, this time the Inish Pictorial Postcard Co., 9 and 10, Maigor Street, Cork. He says he sold 72 of their cards, and forwarded the firm 6s. by registered post, asking for the advertised present of a "nickel silver watch." When sending him receipt for his money the firm asked for "6d. for the postage of present." He received the watch, but describes it as "worth about 3d.," but noticed that the postage on the parcel was only 2½d. Then came a demand for the 6s. already paid. J. R. S. wrote them a candid letter, returning the watch and asking for the 3½d. overcharged for postage. After receiving other demands for the 6s. of which he took no notice he got a demand from a firm describing themselves apparently as "debt recovery and enquiry agents," and if the terms of this application be as set out by our correspondent, we advise him to lay the matter before the Incorporated Law Society.

Messrs. Wright and Rounds, of the *Brass Band News*, send us at, they state, the request of one of the unpaid winners in the Crystal Palace Band Contests, held on 28th September last, copies of their paper containing references to the matter. If it be true that the prizes have not been paid it is certainly very hard lines, as we notice that in these competitions the prizes offered amounted to £265, whereas it is estimated that the travelling expenses the competitors (who came from all parts of the country) had to pay were no less than £5,260, in addition, of course, to the entry fees, £102 5s. Surely the delay must be for some cause beyond the control of the Crystal Palace authorities.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
["Larry Lynx" of "The People."]

Note it at Liverpool.

At nearly every race meeting there is assembled at the fences, usually the open ditch, a little knot of unemployed steeplechase jockeys.

None such in Friday's Field.

The best 'chaser which Australia has ever had was the aptly-named Red Leaf, who won the Grand National four times, finally carrying 13st. 12lbs.

Everybody's Envy.

Mr. Bob Gore only had eight horses of his own this winter, and yet Lapsang, Orpington, Decave, Sexton, and Zampalka won more races than any other dozen animals combined.

Occupies a Famous Residence.

Randall (the jockey) has just moved from Kingston Lisle into the Seven Barrows establishment, of which he has always been the lessee, but which was let to Mr. A. Lindermere. It was here that Jousiffe lived when he trained Bendigo.

"Nippy."

Trigg can always be relied upon to "get off"—in fact, he is now the Allsopp among jockeys of the old school. Time after time the reports of races read "Trigg's mount got off in front," etc. Congratulations to "Hell Fire Jack" on his pending marriage.

Define.

Liverpool has a condition that "no person notoriously in default for bets will be admitted." Is this meant to shield many of the "upper ten" who are very strongly "on the slate" in leading bookmakers' volumes, although it is not generally (otherwise "notoriously") known?

Success Leads to Nothing.

Although the idea may be excellent, the conditions of the N.H. steeplechase for five-year-olds and upwards which have never won any description of race are commendable but unproductive, for the event is generally contested by a numerous field of such moderate animals that they could not win a selling steeplechase, and therefore no good is wrought. Rarely, indeed, does anything of the least account subsequently win.

The Opening Week.

So much has happened that the first few days of a season really provide a superabundance of sport which is overwhelming to everybody. Of late we have been accustomed to quietude, and then suddenly big handicaps of considerable value, unwieldly fields and racing, plethoris in every sense, is suddenly thrust upon the whole sporting forces—active, speculative, or passive. It is impossible, therefore to really deal fairly with Lincoln and Liverpool, which will, moreover, be somewhat of a dead letter by the time these notes figure in front. That one and all appreciated the present quiet period is indisputable, especially prior to the pending glut of holiday meetings.

Ob's record victory in runaway fashion shows what an easy prey our events can become to foreign-owned and trained horses. Following our Free Trade principles, everything is thrown open and every facility afforded to the alien. French owners, especially heavy bettors, naturally appreciate English events to speculate upon, inasmuch as it enables them to know what price they are getting in advance. It cannot be denied that Ob was reasonably and fairly handicapped upon his previous victory, but the advantage gained was that, owing to their much more open winter, the horse had proved that he had come on by being thoroughly fit. Never previously has the Lincoln Handicap been so signally run away with; in fact, from the moment that the field could be recognised "something"—which was Ob—was out by himself, and he literally scored running away. We heard afterwards that his owner had picked up several heavy bets, but to the general body of English backers the winner was one of the worst possible, for until he actually arrived at Lincoln a few days before the race very few were even conversant of Ob's being entered, much less a probable starter. It is not possible for English folk, or even English writers, to be aware of the well-being or chances of foreign-trained horses, while the intentions of their owners are naturally a sealed book here.

The Grand National.

If there was one horse which on his public form and execrable jumping hitherto had little or no chance at Liverpool, it was Eremon. Despite this, three out of four seemed to have been, as was proved, sensibly imbued with the infectious confidence of Coulthwaite, the trainer, and therefore backed Mr. Stanley Howard's Irish-bred horse. A worse field has certainly never contested the Grand National, and Eremon's victory was almost as easily achieved as Ob's in the Lincoln. His is the case of a horse doing well when raced late in life. This was probably brought about by his unfashionable breeding and lack of ability, for, after being used in the shafts, Eremon only cost £50 eighteen months ago, when bought with the object, which has been achieved, of picking up a Foxhunters' Steeplechase. His owner is the non-betting type of sportsman and gentleman that we wish to see associated with such a signal success, and the win was enormously popular. The main credit of it is due to A. Newey, the steeplechase jockey, who has not been riding very long, and against whom somehow or another in the Midlands there had been a prevalent notion that he was no very great horseman. Such character was very badly deserved, as Newey had proved time after time, and now, to show that he is not only a jockey but a horseman, he got the entire National course with only one stirrup iron, which is really worse than none at all. The luck of the whole thing is that Eremon must have been an easy horse to ride. Everything depended upon that, for upon some horses, according to their make and shape, and as to how they jumped, no jockey on earth could have gone round minus an iron. In contrast, I have known steeplechasers such as Glen Choran, upon whom one really did not need irons at all. He jumped so straight and smoothly without shifting his jockey from the saddle in the least. Another Grand National winner, Shannon Lass, a round-barrelled, short-backed mare, leaped in such a manner that no one could have sat upon her without a very tight seat and both stirrup leathers. It was most unfortunate that her stable companion, Wolf's Folly, was, through his slight accident, debarred from proving what his prospects of success were. I should ever hold the opinion that at the weights he would be Eremon's superior. It is rare indeed that a horse like Eremon wins at Liverpool the first time he essays the blue riband, although Eremon had failed in his attempt to jump the country in last autumn's Grand Sefton Steeplechase. Mr. Stanley Howard, an old Oxonian and a non-betting man, is lucky enough, as far as owners go, to possess but one horse—Eremon. It will be interesting to see how this wondrously improved animal fares in future, when meeting second-raters like Centre Board, Conari, and others, who have shown themselves his superior, while in December at Sandown Vibrant gave Eremon 2st. 7lb. and a hundred yards' beating.

We are reminded of the well-managed business of Mr. D. M. Gant, 25, Conduit Street, London, W., by the receipt of a handsome pocket book bound in scarlet leather, gilt-edged, and with neat contrivances and useful contents that go to make it a handy companion. Mr. Gant is an institution. He has survived the common vicissitudes of a trying business, and those who deal with him should have no cause for dissatisfaction. He has been established many years, and he himself is a well-known member of Tattersalls' Subscription Rooms, which is a testimonial that requires no further recommendation. Mr. Gant was the originator of the "No Limit" system, that is to say, he was the first turf accountant to pay his clients the full odds betted against a horse. Write for a copy of the diary. Free to all clients.

THE GREAT OPEN-AIR FESTIVAL OF
EASTER MONDAY
is the fine day's Racing at
KEMPTON PARK
THE QUEEN'S PRIZE OF £1,000 AND SIX OTHER RACES.
First Race—1.30.

Special trains will begin running from Waterloo at 9.55 a.m., and continue as required; and from Clapham Junction at 10.5, 10.14, 10.26, 10.58 and 11.25 a.m., and 12.10 and 12.37 p.m. The L. and S.-W. Railway Co. have considerately reduced the third-class return fare to TWO SHILLINGS. There is, in addition, the whole network of Tube and District Railways to Hammersmith, also Shepherd's Bush, from whence there is a service of electric trams to Hampton Court, twenty minutes' walk from the Park Gates. MILITARY BAND. All classes catered for. On this day admission will be ONE SHILLING.

'Ware Bookmakers.

Last week's results have gone strongly against backers, and therefore the many swindling kidney still survive, having to collect in lieu of pay out that which they were never able or never intended to. In accentuation of my last week's remarks I would implore my readers to closely study these sporting advertisement columns and deal ONLY with those bookmakers whose advertisements are accepted. If in doubt, I court my readers' inquiries by correspondence, and will give them an answer, in confidence, as to whom they may or may not deal with, to the best of my ability and experience.

Prophetic.

I can really only deal now with the Easter Monday programme at Kempton, and plump for

SUCCOUR

to win the Queen's Prize. The horse was, I believe, second best to Bridge of Canny at Liverpool, but obviously has to fear Cadwal, who was then unlucky, and will be served by the extra furlong here, but he is such a lazy horse that I doubt any light weight really getting him out, for he needs a deal of riding. ATTRACTION will go close in the big Juvenile Plate.

Please Read.

In the interest of my readers I repeat the paragraph of a fortnight back concerning the production of our portrait, adding that it is practically the ONLY photo. of Polymelus ever taken, or that probably ever will be taken, as Mr. S. B. Joel objects to having his horse photographed. I am further convinced that everyone who sees the production will be so delighted that it will mean recommending it to everyone of their sporting friends, and yet it must be a case of "first come first served." I am not advocating this as an advertisement for the proprietors of JOHN BULL, who will practically be the postage out of pocket on every picture despatched, but I want ALL my readers to possess such as a memento of an uncommon sporting event and a picture that must have worth beyond belief a few years hence. Those who have sent for the picture will be gradually attended to.

A Real Photo.

Nothing is better liked than a good sporting picture, and in one's travels they come across, framed and treasured, photos of old-time cracks of the turf. Like everything else, the reproduction has usually been by crude lithography. Nothing livens a wall up more or carries with it greater conviction of pleasant times (and probably monetary successes) than the studying of a picture portraying famous men and horses. Hitherto big race winners or Derby victors have been published in a certain style, usually at a cost of 5s. each. Recognising this and the need for a really cheap, popular picture, the proprietors of JOHN BULL have sensibly grasped the opportunity, and are publishing a memento of the most popular double event of last racing season. It takes the shape in portraits, of Mintagon and Polymelus, the respective winners of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and over which the general public won so much money. Who would not give sixpence to have a memento of such a success? The picture, which is now procurable, is a photographic reproduction in facsimile colours equal to hand colouring and a contrast to the lithographic "daubs" of imaginary horses glossed over by high colouring. Nothing LIKE THIS has EVER been attempted. It is a new and expensive process, and yet, by enormous quantities, JOHN BULL is able to just cover the actual cost by offering them to its readers at sixpence each.

Will Have Great Future Value.

The horses are so absolutely life-like that their markings and muscles are visible; each has its jockey, Trigg and Maher respectively up, and each jockey has autographed the picture. The autographed photo. of the writer has also been added, which will satisfy a vast number continually writing to the *People* for my photo, or autograph, or both. It is surely easily enough obtainable now. It is not an imaginary picture, but an actual coloured photograph, and would grace any private house or public room. Although a huge number have been ordered it must be a case of first come first served, and each order must be sent direct to the publisher and accompanied by a remittance of sixpence; the picture will be sent, post free, in a postal tube. I never gave a stronger or better tip to my followers than to have one of these, and I should be glad to hear what recipients really think of them.

TOPPING & SPINDLER,
Flushing, Holland.

The OLDEST ESTABLISHED & MOST EXTENSIVE FIRM OF TURF COMMISSION AGENTS in the WORLD.
City and Suburban Handicap. Chester Cup. Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes. The Derby, &c.
Double and Treble Events, S.P., and Accumulatives at S.P.,
NO COMMISSION on Small Investments at S P.
The Continental Sportsman, containing latest market movements as above, also Year Book and Ready Reckoner, sent free on receipt of Foreign Post Card containing name and address.
ALL LETTERS TO BE ADDRESSED—
TOPPING & SPINDLER, FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
POSTAGE 2½d. POST CARDS 1d.

ESTABLISHED 1861.
JAMES WEBSTER,
MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.
GREAT METROPOLITAN, CITY AND SUBURBAN, DERBY, Etc.
THE TURF CHRONICLE, sent free on receipt of address. Double and Treble Events.
NO COMMISSION CHARGED on Starting Price Investments.
Bankers:— England—London and Westminster Bank, London. Scotland—Bank of Scotland, Glasgow. Ireland—Bank of Ireland, Dublin.
Postage 2½d. Post cards 1d.

ESTABLISHED IN 1848.
ROBERT MASTERS, CROOK AND CO.
FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
Our Pocket Book for 1907 is now ready, and will be forwarded free on receipt of address.

CHARLES LEVY,
28, REGENT ST., S.W.
Telegraphic Address: "FOREJUDGE, LONDON."
Telephones:
3615 GERRARD, 4190 CENTRAL.

Telegraphic Address: "IRISHMAN, LONDON."
Telephone: No. 5072 GERRARD.
E. C. IRISH,
7, ARGYLL STREET, W.

W. G. MORTIMER,
51, LEXINGTON STREET,
REGENT STREET, W.
Best Terms. Particulars Free.
Established 1876.

W. H. SAUNDERS
Telegraphic Address is
"PLASTERING, LONDON."

TRACE AND PERCY,
15, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W.
Every description of business undertaken. Advantageous terms post free on Application.
"LARRY LYNX," in the "People," April 1, 1906, attributes our success to straightforwardness and accuracy.

A. HEATHORN,
51, WARWICK STREET, REGENT STREET, W
AND FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
Business by correspondence only.
Terms for 1907 on receipt of address.

THOMAS HENRY DEY,
TURF COMMISSION AGENT,
MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

The most advantageous Terms of any responsible Bookmaker in the World.

Full particulars, price list, ready reckoner, and book of rules gratis and post free on application.

JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—The new number of JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS is now ready for you.

IT IS CHOKE-FULL OF INTEREST.

Everyone concerned with the Colonies or India should read it.

Among its Articles are—

The Truth About Emigration.
The Chartered Company and Native Risings.
A Military Scandal in South Africa.

Buy it, Read it, Send it to your Relatives and Friends abroad.

On Sale Everywhere, Price **3d.**, or by Post **4½d.**

Offices: 4, RED LION COURT, E.C., where all communications should be addressed.

Yours truly,

John Bull.

A BOON TO CITY MEN.

10 Minutes from Rail and Nice Country Town, and 25 miles from London.

FREE DEEDS.

NO LAW COSTS.

NO SURVEY FEES.

Good six-room residences as above on a large plot of land, with bath and every modern convenience, for **£285.** Water laid on. Good roads.

Land from **£35** an acre.

POSSESSION ON PAYMENT OF 10%, BALANCE SPREAD OVER 21 YEARS.

Week-end and Holiday Residences for £125.

Write for particulars of above and large illustrated book of estates in 11 different counties, or, if possible, call.

HOMESTEADS (L.) LTD., 27, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

EXTRACT FROM GAMAGES' ADVT'G.

WHEREVER two or three tradesmen gather together Gamage is sure to be attacked in some way or other. His prices are "ruining trade" or his advertising is "too big"—Gamage isn't right except with those hundreds of thousands who buy at his place in Holborn. *THEY* know. "There are just two unpardonable sins in this world—success and failure. Those who succeed can't forgive a fellow for being a failure—and those who fail can't forgive him for being a success. If you do succeed, though, you'll be too busy to bother very much about what the failures think." There's a vulgarism which is most expressive, and that is "The stuck pig squa's." Business is one fierce uninterrupted period of warfare nowadays, and verily it is a case of the survival of the fittest. The great public through advertising has become so alive as to what it really wants, and what is a fair price to pay, that when an advertiser consistently offers and gives what it wants, the Public responds, and keeps on responding, and it is just this public confidence which has built up this gigantic business. All this is written in the most kindly spirit: it may be pointed: but it sums up the business situation as Gamages see it.

A great Trade Paper discusses how to fight Gamage.

The "Cycle & Motor Trades Review" Talk to the Trade,

(Page 254, issue of March 14, 1907.)

on Gamage Methods.

NOTE.—"The Cycle and Motor Trades Review" is the leading Trade Journal of Cycling and Motoring. It is only published for and read by the Trade and therefore you probably would not see this article; but it makes interesting reading, for it really shows the Trade severely feels Gamage's competition.

Gamage and Cut Prices.

Our correspondent "An Old Trader," whose letter appears on another page, has evidently not seen the particular cycles sold by Messrs. Gamage to which we were referring, or he would not have compared them to the American rubbish which was foisted on the market some years ago. We quite agree that the methods he suggested were highly successful in driving out the then American cycle, but that they were successful is due to the fact that the cheap American cycle was just about as bad as it could be. The particular machines which Messrs. Gamage are selling *are manufactured by a reputable Coventry firm*, and we have *no hesitation* in saying that they are *wonderful value for the money asked for them.*

We do not believe for a moment that these machines could be sold to retailers at a price which *would enable them to sell them at Messrs. Gamage's price* and make then even a small nett profit, to say nothing of a living one. They are, in fact, a special cut line sold without any object of making a profit, but more for the purpose of advertising the firm. As we said last week we say again, we cannot see exactly how anything is to be done in this matter. Messrs. Gamage are retailers, and are quite outside any association. The only thing that could be done would be to approach the makers of the machines and suggest that they should not supply Messrs. Gamage; but if they did not, other firms would, and doubtless the manufacturers in question reckon Messrs. Gamage as one of their best customers, and they are not likely to throw away a good account for sentimental reasons.

We would have said that the only real thing that could be done would be to expostulate with Messrs. Gamage, but, unfortunately, this has been tried frequently with regard to other things which they have cut, and has hitherto not been successful. Messrs. Gamage frankly take up the position that they are out to do the best they can for themselves, and they are not concerned in the slightest degree whether in doing that they cut in to the trade of other people. It is a business position which they, of course, have every right to adopt, but it is none the less undesirable from the point of view of the unfortunate cycle agent who has to contend against a flaring advertisement of this description.

To which I—A. W. Gamage—reply in few words: "I study the Public." How the Public supports my fight for fair price is illustrated in the building in Holborn.

Mr. Gamage's Reply

I have just returned from a business trip to the States, and find that once again my firm, with its £3 19s. 9d. Coventry made cycle has caused a wail throughout the Trade. Now, thousands of you Cyclists know that I've built up a huge business by reason of your custom. I've fought for good cycles and good accessories—goodness for wear, looks, and safety—and you've stood by me for 29 years, season in and season out.

I say to-day that £3 19s. 9d. is my price, and will be my price this season for what is admittedly the best cycle value ever offered. I guarantee the cycle and the statement. I opened the season with this £3 19s. 9d. offer, and now you see on all sides my followers and imitators reduce their advertised prices to £3 19s. 6d., £3 19s. 0d., and £3 18s. 9d. My price is for my cycle—I created the value and created the price. All these other advertisers now come in like a flock of sheep and fix a price *TO BE LIKE GAMAGE.* I can leave it to you when spending your money:—it's the other fellow you know little of, versus Gamage, the Largest Cycle House in the World. There's one thing I know (and the premises here prove it), Gamage can afford to be imitated—but he cannot afford to sell a Cycle except at what must be the lowest price for value on earth.

As the *ORIGINATOR*, I have a reputation at stake, and I say that any advertiser who obtains your money for a cycle or anything else by misleading advertisements is a menace to the commercial community.

The *IMITATOR* just does business with each person once. (Now see the Cycle or get the New Cycle Book; 3 Models and 3 Sizes—Ladies' Roadster, Gent.'s Roadster, or Road Racer.)

Road Racer.

Ladies' Roadster.

Gent.'s Roadster.

WARNING THESE CYCLES ARE GAMAGE'S, NOT ON SALE ELSEWHERE: ARE NOT SOLD ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN BY US: & GAMAGE'S FULLY GUARANTEE THEM.

British Standard Size.

Made in Coventry. **£3:19:9** **Fully Guaranteed by Gamages,**

A. W. GAMAGE Ltd., HOLBORN.

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